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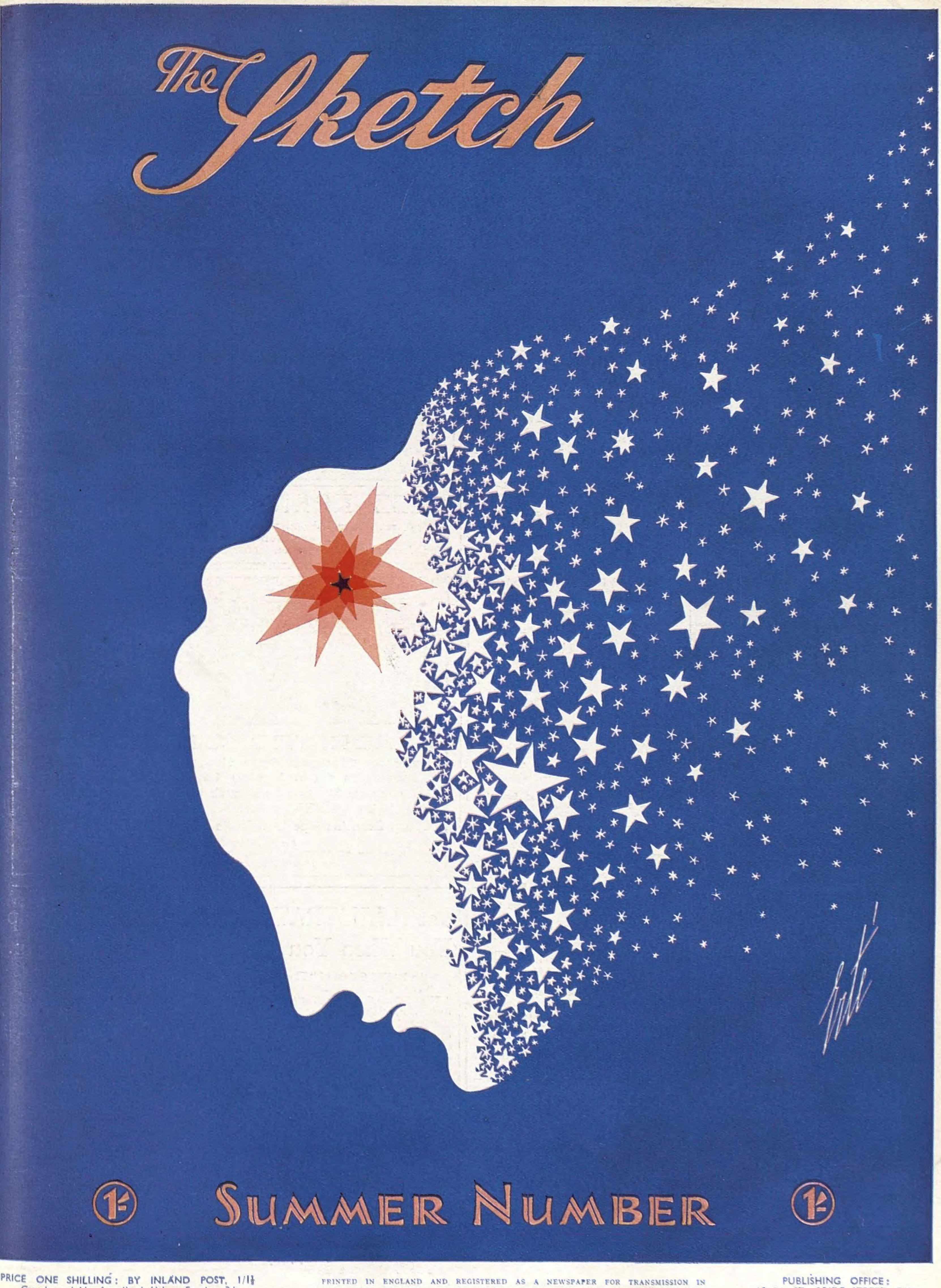

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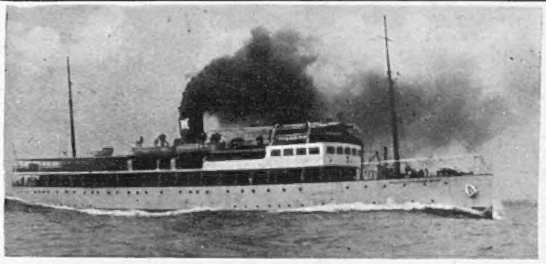

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The Sketch

No. 2314—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

THE BEGUM BAGS A LION.

H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN, *who has accompanied her husband,* H.H. *the Aga Khan, to most of the important Coronation festivities in London, is here seen in a new character—that of a big game hunter. During the winter she went to Kenya, in order to enjoy her first safari. She had never before done any big game hunting, although the Aga Khan is, of course, an experienced shikari. He, however, did not shoot on this occasion : the only two guns were the Begum and a " boy." The Begum's bag included a panther, gazelle, and two lions. She is posed with her first lion.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

TEETH.

IT is the common lot at some time or other—and it has been my lot recently—to have a lively session with a dentist. The encounter has left in my mind a vivid recollection, and in my mouth an aching void which this world can never fill—at least, not yet; I dare say some void-filling will be suggested when the gum has "hardened nicely," to use the dentist's brutal language. Meanwhile, I am prompted to some random reflections on the subject of teeth in general. It is a topic which lends itself to biting sarcasm, but I will endeavour to write of it with the philosophic restraint which I always try to cultivate on this page.

I remember reading somewhere in the works of Huxley (I don't mean *the* Huxley—not Aldous, nor even Julian, but just Thomas Henry) that a horse's molar is one of the most perfect works of nature, very ingeniously designed and perfectly adapted to its work. Well, that may be true of horses, and perhaps if we all cropped grass, instead of cropping beef and mutton and other injurious substances, we should give less work to the dentists; but when it comes to human teeth, I cannot share Huxley's enthusiasm. There is something wrong with the specification; our teeth *don't* seem to be adapted to their work to the extent which we are reasonably entitled to expect. Oscar Wilde maintained that art always improves on nature, and modern dentistry seems to bear him out; at all events, it is the melancholy fact that the teeth supplied by nature are often not half so efficient as the teeth supplied by a reliable dentist. Throughout our lives, teeth must be classed among the things which are sent to try us. They must be regarded not as a means of mastication, but as a form of discipline—very good for the character, perhaps, but bad for the constitution. It is needless to observe that they give trouble from the very beginning. They are the first things which bring it home to a baby that it has been born into a world of sin and sorrow. It is impossible to regard without indignation the sufferings which are inflicted on helpless, innocent infants by the futile process of obtaining a complete set of teeth. I call it futile, because the unfortunate child has no sooner completed the painful process than it begins to shed all its hard-won teeth. At the age of six or seven, its budding, cherubic beauty is completely disfigured by gaping gums, and numerous painful operations have to be performed by crude methods, such as pieces of cotton tied to door-handles. It is only the intervention of the fairies, who still, in a few old-fashioned households, give sixpences in exchange for these left-off incisors, which makes this humiliating phase of dental history tolerable to the human race.

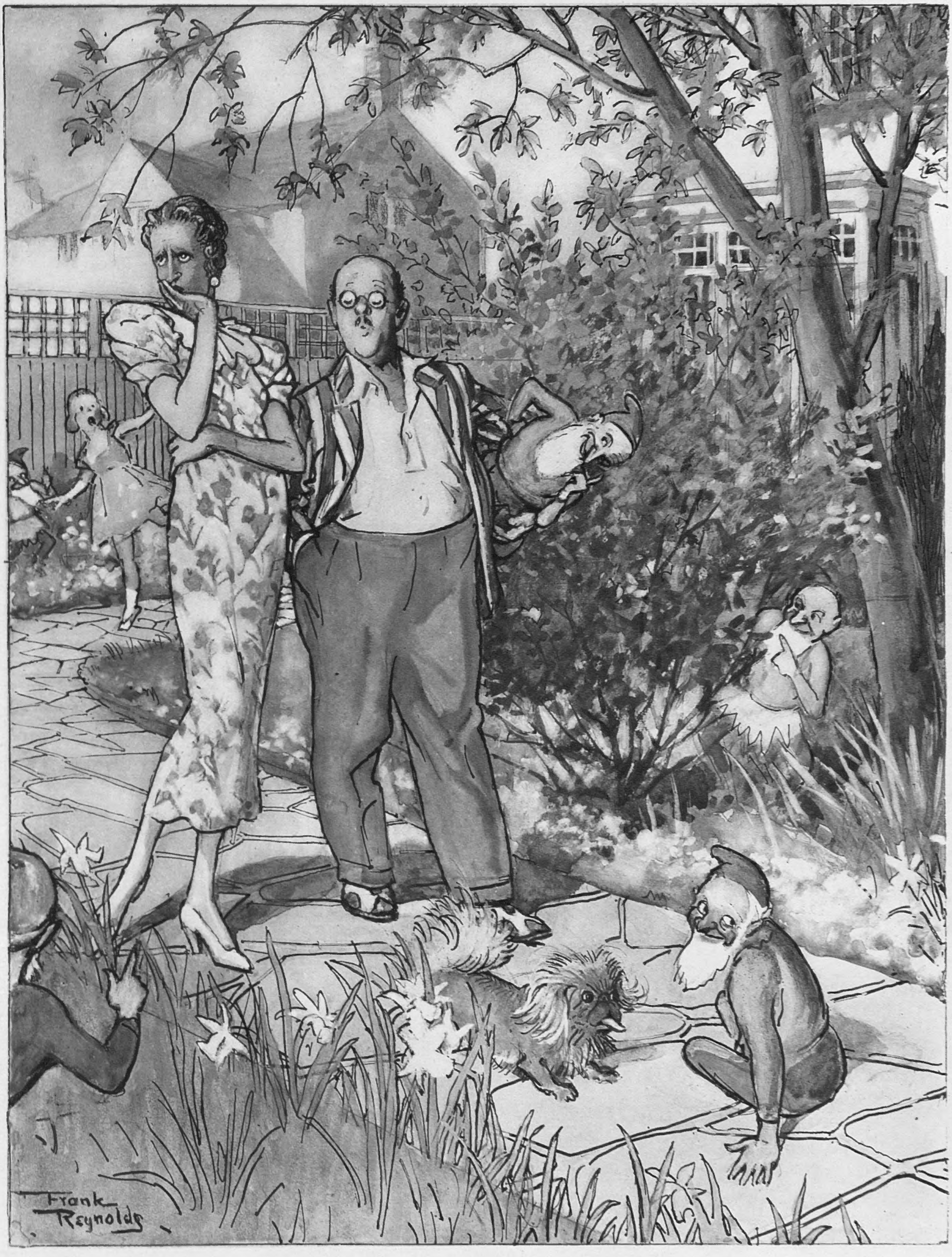
Eventually, the adolescent human being acquires, by natural processes, a complete upper and lower set, which are supposed to last him for the rest of his life. Far from doing so, they become a permanent liability rather than an asset. If you leave your eye off them for a moment, they develop holes and chasms which constantly need to be filled up with artificial compounds. From our earliest years, we are the doomed and lifelong vassals of men with probes and drills and forceps; if we attempt to escape from the bondage even for a few months, it is soon a case of "change and decay in all around I see." Why teeth, which were intended to be solid, should show this obstinate preference for being hollow, is one of the great mysteries of nature. This may be, of course, nature's subtle way of providing the dental profession with a living; but I prefer the theory which I have already suggested—namely, that we were not given teeth merely to chew our food, but to test our qualities of patience and fortitude.

"Monsieur le Docteur, Miladi. Monsieur 'ave, as Eenglish say, ze good inside bed mannaire."—[DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.]

Even if you preserve these precarious possessions with the utmost care, even if your dentist has lavished every loving attention on them, will you be allowed to retain them and insist on their giving something in return for all the guineas which have been spent on them? Not a hope! The day will surely come when you are feeling rather under the weather, and you will go to a doctor for a few running repairs, and that doctor will say unto you: "Well, there doesn't seem to be much the matter with you, but you had better have all your teeth out." On going into the matter, you will learn that, in the unanimous opinion of the medical profession, teeth fulfil no function whatever in the human constitution except to provide a source of infection. Before you have time to argue about it, the poison-gas attack will have begun, and, after travelling through boundless realms of space for a million years (or, to be more precise, for thirty seconds), you will come back to earth to find the teeth, which you have so long and so jealously preserved, scattered all over the carpet. Do not, I beg, misunderstand me if I say that it is a bloody business.

Such are the trials even of those of us who, through no merit of our own, can afford to keep dentists in regular employment; but what of those who cannot spare the necessary guineas and half-guineas? One is simply appalled at the ravages among the teeth of the proletariat. I happen to be in daily touch with four artisans of what is called the "superior" type; within the last three months, each one of them has lost practically every tooth in his head and has acquired the most ghastly and ill-fitting substitute in their place. I have seen many an attractive girl of the domestic servant class turned into a hag by drastic operations on neglected teeth. I believe they do something about it in schools nowadays, but here is a chance, if there ever was one, for an intelligent or even a compulsory "social service."

However, I don't think there will be any real improvement until we have abolished teeth altogether. They grow seedless oranges and thornless cactuses nowadays; why not toothless human beings?



MR. BRISTLEWOOD HAS AN ARTISTIC INSPIRATION.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

OUTDOOR GAIETY AT TIDWORTH: THE SOUTHERN COMMAND HORSE SHOW.

MISS SHENA MACKINTOSH, *on* LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY'S *Kilton, won first prize in the Under 11 Children's Handy Hunter Class at the Southern Command Horse Show at Tidworth.* LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH *is on the right.*

SIR KEITH *and* LADY NUTTALL *attended the Show in spite of the wet weather.*

MRS. OSBORNE, *formerly Miss Primrose Salt, attended the Show.*

The HON. NADINE STONOR *entered Charmaine in one of the classes.*

MISS WINGFIELD *wore a scarf tied round her head.*

MRS. EION MERRY *(daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton) and* CAPTAIN MERRY *were present.*

CAPTAIN JACK FANSHAWE, MAJOR BEDDINGTON, MISS VIOLET DE WORMS, *and* MISS DIANA EGERTON *(l. to r.) were spectators.*

INDOOR GAIETY AT TIDWORTH: THE POLO BALL AT THE OFFICERS' CLUB.

The TIDWORTH POLO BALL, *held at the Officers' Club, provided some evening gaiety after the outdoor pleasures of the Southern Command Horse Show. Here* MR. HIBBERT, MRS. TALBOT-PONSONBY, *and* CAPTAIN TALBOT-PONSONBY *are seen enjoying a joke.*

MISS WHITNEY *and* MRS. DUNBRECK *(right) were guests at the ball.*

COLONEL *and* MRS. NORMAN *were the organisers of the ball.*

Right: MR. ROBERT HAUGHTON, MISS SUZANNE PETRE, *and* MR. ROBERT STEWART *were in conversation when they were snapped.*

CAPTAIN MARK SYKES, *the* HON. MRS. THOMAS FRANKLAND, *and* CAPTAIN PENGELLEY *are the trio in this group.*

SIR PETER GRANT LAWSON, BT., *and* MRS. W. G. CARR *at supper at the ball.*

Our group includes MR. CLARKE, MISS FARRELL, MR. SMITHSON, MRS. DANCE, MR. ROSELLI, MR. PRICE, MRS. BRACKENBURY, MRS. KAYE, *and* CAPTAIN DRASSEN.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

JUST a week after Mr. Warren Hastings caught his 8 lb. 2 oz. trout at Blake's Lock, Mr. Guy Hughes had one nearly as big from Sonning Weir. Mr. Hughes brought his fish to show me what a fine specimen it was. The weight was 7 lb. 11 oz., length 24½ in., and girth 15 in.—in fact, it was a perfect Thames trout. Mr. Hughes had a short but sharp fight with it for about eight minutes, and he doubts if he could have landed it by himself, as where he was fishing at Sonning Weir he was fully four feet from the water. Fortunately, his friend, Mr. R. B. D. Brooks, of the Farnham Angling Society, was able to assist him and safely landed the fish. Mr. Hughes has been trying for several years to catch a really big Thames trout, and now that his hopes are fulfilled he is highly delighted. He told me that another and much larger trout came at a bleak with which he was spinning, but it happened to be rather a large bleak—too big for the mount he was using—and the trout took the tail end without being hooked. Mr. Hughes said this fish looked as big as a salmon; this might not be very big, but I think he had in mind some of the salmon up to 40 lb. which he has landed in the Avon while pike-fishing, so perhaps it is one of those huchen about which we heard so much a year or so ago.

Loch Fishing. Considering the vast number of lakes, loughs and lochs in the British Isles and the fact that the majority of these waters offer free fishing, it is rather surprising that little advance has been made in the methods employed in loch fishing compared with the great amount of attention that has been devoted to river angling. The long rod and old patterns of loch flies are still in general use, and I expect many of the old stagers will be scornful of the theories promulgated in a new book, "The Art and Craft of Loch Fishing," by H. P. Henzell. There is nothing startling in this book—in fact, the theory of applying river methods to loch fishing as far as they are applicable will not even be new to many anglers. However, I believe Mr. Henzell is one of the first to put into print recommendations for loch fishing which include the use of a rod 9 ft. to 9 ft. 6 in. in length and weighing 5 oz., artificial flies to imitate the natural flies and nymphs, and the use of floating flies for sea trout. The only one of these recommendations which calls for further remark is that of fishing for sea trout with dry fly. A few anglers have experimented with this method more or less successfully, but Mr. Henzell states that he has always found it as effective as wet fly, and that it is often possible to catch sea trout on dry fly when they will not respond to the sunk fly. Mr. Henzell will have earned the approval of many if his book tends to attract some of the anglers from our over-fished rivers to the more expansive lochs. It is painfully true, however, that many of these lochs are in need of restocking, and a national scheme for providing the fish and information on food problems, etc., is urgently needed.

Evidently, politicians prefer fishing! Not only is Mr. Neville Chamberlain an angler, but here is MR. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, *the famous President of the United States, transformed into a fisherman. He has hooked a seventy-seven-pound silver tarpon in the Gulf of Mexico. His son Elliott and a guide are helping to land the monster.*

Shark Attacks Fishing Launch. On several occasions swordfish have been known to charge into a fishing launch, and a year or two ago one left half its spear, broken off, with the point buried deep in the planking. However, this season, out in New Zealand, the occupants of the fishing launch *Ozone*, including the noted big-game angler, Mr. H. White-Wickham, were scared stiff by a mako shark which deliberately attacked. The shark was hooked off Piercey Island, and soon after made a leap of some 25 ft., straight at the launch, and missed the cockpit by about eight feet. It turned and leapt again to within about six feet, then ran out about 400 yards of line. Then it scared the occupants of the *Alma G.* by nearly leaping into their boat, but soon left them to return to the *Ozone*, leaping again and hitting the coaming of the launch. In the end, after a thrilling fight lasting two hours, the mako was beaten, and when landed at Deep Water Cove it weighed 327 lb. Afterwards, Mr. White-Wickham said that he fully expected the shark to land in the cockpit, and he was prepared to jump overboard.

New Angling Books. As a guide to the new angling books which have been published recently, a few words may be helpful. There are three books of interest to sea anglers: "Salt Water Fishing" is written by Van Campen Heilner, well-known American angler, who covers the subject very thoroughly, not only from the American viewpoint, for he writes of important fishing centres in all parts of the world, including the British Isles. The book is profusely illustrated and there are a dozen fine colour-plates. Of narrower scope—for he treats only of sea fish in British waters—is "Modern Sea Fishing," by Eric Cooper, but from the practical point of view it is doubtless more useful to most anglers in this country. He is to be commended for advocating lighter tackle for sea fishing. The third sea-fishing book is Zane Grey's "An American Angler in Australia," which is a record of his big-game fishing activities from Sydney to the Great Barrier Reef. For trout fishermen there is "The Art and Craft of Loch Fishing," by H. P. Henzell; "Rods on Fast Waters," by Alexander Wanless; and for the novice, "An Introduction to Fly Fishing," by L. Angreid. Lastly, there is "Black Bass Lore," by Wallace W. Gallaher, which is only of passing interest to anglers here as, so far, efforts to acclimatise this sporting fish in our country have not been encouraging.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *here on a fishing holiday at Donside, Aberdeenshire, was long named as successor to Mr. Stanley Baldwin as Prime Minister. Prime Ministers come and go, but it is unusual for any successor definitely to be referred to so many weeks in advance of a change. Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, enjoyed a unique position as "Prime Minister Designate."*

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

When the Rev. Jones was fishing the River Teify he hooked an 8-lb. salmon on trout tackle. He had to undress and get into the river before he succeeded in landing it.

The British Casting Association have decided to hold their annual casting tournament at Ranelagh on July 17.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

Though London in Coronation season is the hub of the Empire, the angler can enjoy herself far from the crowds and gaieties of the metropolis. This beautiful photograph shows MRS. GEORGE BAKER SALMON-FISHING on the Test, near Romsey, Hants.

CROWDED LONDON FORGOTTEN BY AVON AND TEST.

Left: MR. WALTER GEARY caught this magnificent 18-LB. SALMON at Highbridge Pool, on the Test, near Romsey, with a prawn.

Right: MAJOR G. C. TRYON, the Postmaster-General—away from the G.P.O.—is seen CASTING WITH A PRAWN, when salmon-fishing on the Bisterne Water, on the Hampshire Avon, near Ringwood.

CORONATION CHELSEA.

By MARGARET BEAN.

THE Chelsea Flower Show is rather like a cross between a dress show and the Royal Academy Private View. Champion hardy perennial, like the Academy, the general appearance is much the same each year: there are flowers with royal names, like royal portraits; and there is quite often a "plant of the year" and sometimes a problem one. And then there are the new season's models, so to speak. All you have to do is to pick the winners.

Coronation Chelsea covered three and a half acres, including a special exhibit of Empire plants, and was the best show ever seen in any country, although there was no one plant or exhibit which caused a sensation. The two most striking features were the enormous popularity of new rhododendrons and azaleas with the amateurs, and the taste for sweet-scented flowers and variations on old-fashioned favourites, rather than the outsize blooms which used to be the nurseryman's dream.

The **COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON,** *wearing a pretty flowered dress and a large hat, attended the Chelsea Flower Show.*

Mr. Lionel de Rothschild won the Cain Cup for the best amateur exhibit with his azalea hybrids, all grown in his own garden at Exbury, in Hampshire. This was probably the finest show of new azaleas ever seen, but Lord Aberconway ran him a close second with his rhododendrons from his garden at Bodnant, in Wales. These were all from *Griersonianum* stock, in shades of salmon pink, with the characteristic funnel-shaped flowers. These funnel-shaped rhododendrons are absolutely the rage nowadays. They come from either *Griersonianum* or *cinnabarinum* stock, and Mr. J. C. Williams, at Caerhays Castle, in Cornwall, and Mr. de Rothschild were their sponsors soon after the war. Now everyone wants to grow them. Mr. de Rothschild and Lady Loder were showing their latest efforts in this direction, one in pinky orange and the other in pale pink, in the new plants section.

Tucked away in a corner, and patronised almost entirely by experts with magnifying glasses, there were some other pretty things in this section. Major F. C. Stern, who has the most lovely garden in a chalk pit at Goring-on-Sea, had a winner in *Magnolia globosa*, round, pure white flowers with a cluster of crimson stamens and almost transparent green leaves. He also showed an attractive new pale yellow tree pæony, a cross between *Lutea* and a variety of *Moutan*. Both these were hardy, warranted sound of wind and limb.

The **DOWAGER COUNTESS OF AIRLIE** *was in attendance on H.M. Queen Mary at the pre-view of the Chelsea Flower Show.*

Dame Alice Godman's *Pancratium illyricum* from Corsica, also in this section, ought to be popular. It has enchanting, star-shaped white flowers, joined at the base with a little frill, and blue-green spike leaves. Though it grows wild in south-east Europe and is quite hardy in normal circumstances, it has never been grown as it ought to be over here.

Another good exhibit here was Canon A. T. Boscawen's *Telopea truncata*, with vivid scarlet flowers, grown at Ludgvan Rectory, Marazion. This comes from Tasmania, and grows over here as a shrub about 3 ft. high, though in its native haunts it reaches 25 ft. The early settlers noticed it growing wild all through the forests, but it has never caught on over here for some reason. In Tasmania, however, it is so popular for Christmas decorations that supplies are now said to be running short.

In the less rarefied atmosphere of the main tents, carnations came out on top and sweet peas were at the bottom of the class, two exhibitors having to cancel their displays. Allwood Brothers, of Haywards Heath, whose carnations and pinks won the Sherwood Cup for the most meritorious exhibit in the Show, have gone in for pastel shades and the old clove scent. Some new ones are "Royal Apricot" and "Lady Hudson," both much the same colour, and "Marchioness of Headfort" is shaded salmon pink. "Doris Allwood" is a pretty one in pink, striped with mauve.

The rose-growers were all agreed that scent and colour were the things as opposed to mere size. Hilliers of Winchester, whose exhibit of trees and shrubs was particularly fine, say that everyone is going in for rose species instead of hybrids now. Some of the new Chinese species serve a double purpose, as the flowering season is followed by lovely berries and turning leaves in the autumn. Deep red seems to be the fashionable colour. One of the prettiest of these single roses was *Rosa Hillieri*, a very dark crimson sport from *Moyesii*, which is about the best of the Chinese species. The old-fashioned cabbage, damask, and moss roses, which were favourites before the hybrid perpetuals came along, are also being grown again.

Outside there was one absolutely new departure in the rock-garden line. Mr. I. G. Walker, of Godstone, had the bright idea of building a "back-to-nature" rockery for tired business men with suburban gardens. It was a complete imitation of life. Long grass and English wild flowers surrounded a remarkably lifelike waterfall. Buttercups, ragged robin, foxgloves, speedwell, and scarlet pimpernel were the flowers, with bracken, gorse, and broom. Unfortunately all this rustic simplicity is not at all cheap, but Mr. Walker thinks it will be a success all the same. He is now engaged on a swimming-pool on the same lines, with a rock for a diving-board and a waterfall to renew the water-supply.

LADY PATRICIA LATHAM, *wife of Sir Paul Latham, Bt., of Hurstmonceux Castle, was an early visitor at the Flower Show. She is the daughter of Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda.*

ROYALTY AMONG THE FLOWERS AT CHELSEA.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, *only sister of the King, was one of the members of the Royal Family circle who visited the Chelsea Flower Show.*

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN *carried on the royal traditions of the Chelsea Flower Show by visiting the Royal Hospital Gardens and doing the "grand tour" of the exhibits before the exhibition opened. Here the Queen, is seen amid the rock gardens, with the King just behind her, and* LADY ABERCONWAY *on the right.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, *in a white dress and tiny "skull cap" of black, is with* THE QUEEN. THE KING *is on the left.*

H.M. QUEEN MARY *visited the show on the pre-view morning and went round the exhibits with* LORD ABERCONWAY, *President of the Royal Horticultural Society.*

THROUGH THE EYES OF THE 19TH-CENTURY FRENCH ROMANTICS.

"UN FIDÈLE DE MABILLE," *one of the exhibits at the show of water-colours of the French Romantic School which opened at Walker's the other day and remains open until June 8, is a gay example of the art of the Second Empire. Mabille was a fashionable cabaret at which the can-can, regarded as a very daring dance, was performed.*

"MON FILS EST VICOMTE," *by* SULPICE GUILLAUME CHEVALIER—*called* GAVARNI—*(1804-1866), is a beautiful drawing expressing delicate satire.*

"LA MARCHANDE À LA TOILETTE," *by* ALFRED ANDRÉ GENIOLE *(1813-1861), is a delightful commentary on the fashions of the period. The lady has received the saleswoman in her own drawing-room.*

Left: "FEMME SE PROMENANT EN JUPE BLEUE," *by* HENRI SOMM, *illustrates the fashions of the 'eighties, which exercise so strong a fascination on modern eyes.*

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PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA, DORLAND HOUSE.

A TRAIN-BEARER IN HER CORONATION DRESS.

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET, *second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey, was one of the train-bearers to her Majesty the Queen at the Coronation. The six young girls chosen for this honour were dressed alike in white satin dresses beautifully embroidered with a design of ears of corn, and wore head-dresses to match. One of these train-bearers' dresses is on view with the royal Robes at the Royal School of Needlework.*

MRS. BALDWIN WELCOMED AT THE BIG BEN BALL.

The HON. LADY DAVIDSON, *chairwoman of the Big Ben Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the Conservative and Unionist Films Association, received the guests, supported by* SIR ALBERT CLAVERING, COLONEL LEONARD ROPNER *and* CAPTAIN REGINALD TERRELL. *She is here welcoming her own husband,* SIR JOHN DAVIDSON.

MISS PRUNELLA STACK, *leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, was a guest. She is with* MR. MURRAY BELL *and* SIR ALBERT CLAVERING.

The HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID *wore a striking dress supported by an ornamental chain. She is with* MR. MICHAEL WYNVER.

Below: MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *wife of Mr. Neville Chamberlain—for long Prime Minister Designate—sat next to* LADY CRAIGAVON *at supper.*

MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN, *having had the honour of entertaining T.M. the King and Queen at 10, Downing Street for dinner, came on to the Big Ben Ball for supper and presented some of the prizes. She is shown in conversation with* MR. DOUGLAS HACKING, *chairman of the Conservative Party.*

Right: SIR GIFFORD *and the* HON. LADY FOX *were among the young couples present. He is the Member for Henley.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

EXPERTS OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

Our Fighting Forces came into their dramatic own during THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, *which opened last week in the presence of the King and Queen. Picked units at Olympia are demonstrating their efficiency, and that old regiment, the H.A.C., gives the historical "big turn" of Coronation year. Brig.-Gen. Sir Charles King has a rare record—he has been "key man" of the Tournament since 1909. Major-General Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, G.O.C. London, is chairman. His knighthood was a Coronation Honour: as F.-M. Lord Cavan's chief-of-staff, he was one of the Coronation "pageant masters." Colonel G. L. Brown is "Director of Combats."*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *poured out tea for some of the little patients in the children's ward when she visited St. George's Hospital.*

THE grandeur of Coronation season shows no sign of diminishing. At the end of it all, shall we joyfully rush to bury ourselves in country villages, wear our oldest clothes, and let our hair get unset, or will we be so attuned to splendour and the "orders-and-decorations" atmosphere that we 'll have no appetite for food unless it 's served on gold plate, do you suppose? It 's a nice point, but, in the meantime, all this magnificence is grand fun and most stimulating.

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I think that the party which Lord and Lady Hailsham gave at the House of Lords was one of the most interesting of all the big Coronation receptions. In the first place, for many of us it was a fine chance of seeing the House itself. Guests had "the run of" the library, the House of Lords itself, where many women sat for a moment in the Peers' red seats (just to say they *had* done so!), and the principal reception-room was the famous Royal Gallery, where I have so often seen the Royal Procession at the Opening of Parliament.

The scene in the Royal Gallery was gorgeous on the night of the party, for all the men wore their Orders, and all the women their best jewels and most beautiful

MRS. W. SHERWIN COTTINGHAM, *of Woolley Hall, Maidenhead, is a society woman who helps many "in-aid-of" efforts. It will be remembered that she was on the committees for the Coronation Ball for St. Thomas's Hospital and the banquet held recently at the Guildhall for the Brompton Hospital for Consumption.*

dresses. The glittering array of diamonds was almost blinding. I shall soon have to ask the Minister of Transport if he can't arrange for a dimming or anti-dazzle device to be fitted to some of the larger tiaras and ornaments which come out nightly.

The reception was for Overseas and Dominion visitors, so decorative Burmese, Indians, and handsome, dark-complexioned guests from other parts of the Empire added to the pageantry. The Princess of Berar, who is a lovely Turk, with the fairest of skins and the most translucent of aquamarine green eyes, looked superb in an emerald-green and gold sari, with the most wonderful emeralds. Her bracelets were several inches wide and set with the most magnificent stones.

Owing to the intensive social activity in London that night, many guests arrived after Princess Alice and Lord Athlone had been received and had gone to the supper-room with Lord and Lady Hailsham. These late-comers were welcomed by Lord and Lady Halifax.

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Dresses worn at the reception at the House of Lords included Princess Alice's lovely white and gold, which showed up her numerous Orders and decorations very well, and Lady Dufferin's "lampshade" frock of pink ruched tulle, with gold sequin embroidery, which she wore with her huge tiara, whose diamond spikes are topped with pear-shaped pearls. Another tiara I found equally impressive was in a "battlement" design. Young Lady Harcourt looked handsome in apple green, with a fine tiara and a cape of mauve, crinkled silk crêpe, and I greatly admired her mother-in-law's tiara, set with enormous amethysts among fine diamonds. Mme. Régis de Oliveira was one of the smartest of the diplomatic ladies. Her purple chiffon was very graceful, and she held a long scarf of chiffon of different colours to match the flowers which she wore as a head-dress. Mme. de Margerie, from the French Embassy, had bright green suède gloves, with a dress of iridescent, purplish-blue sequins.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *received purses at the Founders' Day meeting of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society at the Central Hall, Westminster. She is here accepting one from a very small girl.*

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I never remember seeing so many royal visitors on one day at the Chelsea Flower Show as on this year's Coronation pre-view day. The first was the Crown Prince of Sweden, who started the long and fascinating round of tents and outdoor gardens soon after ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, and was later to be seen inspecting the lovely exhibits with his wife and the Dowager Lady Milford Haven.

Queen Mary, whose dress was a white crêpe lightly patterned in black, worn with a white coat and hat, made her usual exhaustive tour, with Lord Aberconway as her guide, and spent a particularly long time in the rock-garden section, which never seems to lose its charm for her. It was a *really* hot day, with the first brilliant sunshine of the year, but Queen Mary did not seem to mind the heat in the least, or get tired, as she saw practically everything in what was an immense show. The King and Queen also made a most exhaustive tour, and spent a considerable time in the Dominion section, which everyone agreed was one of the most fascinating features of the exhibition.

"DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER," *by Wagner, has not been given in London for many years, so the production on June 7 at Covent Garden will rouse much interest. Dr. Emil Preetorius, the famous German stage designer, is responsible for the new scenic effects and décor. This shows the scene for Act III.*

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The light, summery colours worn by the royal visitors added greatly to the gay effect of the pre-view day pageant. The Queen's all-pale-blue get-up was very summery and

becoming, and I have never seen the Duchess of Kent look more elegant than in her all-white dress and tiny skull-cap hat. She accepted a couple of dark clove carnations, and a white one which she held out to the Duke so that he might smell its lovely perfume. Then she pinned the bunch to her coat, while the Duke stuck his in his buttonhole. The Queen of Norway remained at the Show for a long time, making a most thorough examination. She wore a black-and-white silk coat and skirt and a gay red blouse with a jabot, and a black hat trimmed with flowers in front. The Princess Royal was another enthusiast who made an early and business-like tour before the sun became very hot.

Both Lady Strathmore and Lady Rockley went round in wheeled chairs, thus saving any undue fatigue. The latter got out of hers in order to speak to the Duchess of Gloucester, who was looking very sweet in a printed crêpe frock with a wide hat of burnt straw, and very modern diamond clip earrings which suit her remarkably well. The outdoor gardens appealed particularly to her, and she and the Duke admired the Tudor Close.

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We were rich in private views last week, beginning with Prince Nicholas of Greece at Agnew's, in aid of Princess Nicholas's Home for Children. H.R.H.'s technique is definitely greatly improved since his last show at the same gallery. Many viewers appreciated this. He is showing a good many romantic landscapes—the one I found most satisfying was "Storm on a Greek Island," finely designed and dramatic; and among the flower-paintings, "Gentians" (No. 14), of heavenly blue, showing a breed of gentians I don't know, but very lovely. The Duchess of Kent, in a very fresh-looking summery kit, came with Lady Brecknock to see her father's work, and must have been pleased that he had the pleasure of selling a number of his paintings on the first day. Other royalty of various nations were the Crown Princess of Sweden, Lady Milford Haven, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt (his father was first cousin to King George V.), Princess Hohenlohe, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, and the Maharaja of Kapurthala. Also there were Sir Robert Witt, Sir Hugh Walpole, and Lords Tredegar and Faringdon. Noel Coward, looking thin and tired, I thought, came with Lady Leslie, sister of Lady Randolph Churchill and mother of Shane Leslie, whose books you 've read.

JEAN DE BOTTON *was fortunate enough to see the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey. This sketch, in his show at the Leger Gallery, illustrates his impression of the solemn Crowning of King George VI. Queen Mary is shown in the centre of the Royal Box on the left, and the Queen can be seen in her Chair of Estate in front of the box.*

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For another sort of show, Colnaghi's provides you with the delicate beauty of Mariette Lydis's work. This charming painter is working very hard, she told me, largely at illustrations; she has many orders abroad, and last year she painted Lady Elgin and her little daughter. Her women have an expression of the "eternal" in their eyes—a sort of fatalistic resignation to whatever may befall them in their lives. Even the flower-pieces breathe the same spirit; tulips languish across each other in the bowl. And the colour seems to be blown on to the paper by some inspiration. Besides the paintings on the walls, which include a very Continentally-inspired set of drawings for our 100-per-cent. English "Beggar's Opera," you can see a magnificent volume of "Fleurs du Mal," for whose illustration Mariette Lydis seems to have been specially born, so "right" are they. People at the private view were Toscanini's two daughters, who always look lively and *chic*, the Countess Castelbarco (her husband's show at the Brook Street Galleries ended last Saturday), and Mrs. Horowitz; Sir Muirhead Bone, who bore his new honours with becoming modesty; Mr. Hind, of the British Museum, and Mrs. Marr-Johnston (formerly Diana Maugham), writer niece of writer Somerset Maugham.

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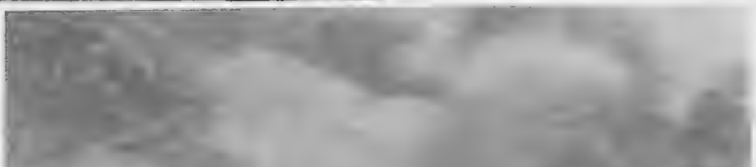
People of taste are much looking forward to the interesting Sale of Antique Furniture, China, and other Objets d'Art which is to take place at 5, Great Stanhope Street from June 7 until June 12. This sale, which is in aid of the Building Fund of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, will be opened at 3 o'clock on June 7 by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and will be open subsequently from 11 till 7. Among articles of special interest for sale there will be a pair of Stuart chairs, a Chippendale corner cabinet, a small Persian table with silver and lapis lazuli inlay, and a Regency table with fine Coromandel top; also dessert services, pictures (sporting and flower prints), and other interesting things, which will be sold at moderate prices. The large and representative committee have taken the greatest interest in collecting things for this event, and as the proceeds are earmarked for the new Nurses' House and Private Patients' Wing, it is hoped to have the support of all women. Apart from helping a splendid institution, the sale will provide an opportunity for buying interesting and useful gifts of all kinds at reasonable prices. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, President of the Hospital, has graciously promised to visit the sale on the afternoon of the opening day. On this occasion, the charge for admission up till five o'clock will be half-a-crown; whereas on other days the small charge of a shilling only will be made for entry.

MARIEGOLD.

"LE CHAPEAU À PLUMES" *is a characteristic example of the charming art of* MARIETTE LYDIS, *whose exhibition of recent work has just opened at Colnaghi's.*



"Storm on a Greek Island," by H.R.H. PRINCE NICHOLAS OF GREECE, *father of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, is one of the pictures on view at his show of recent work at Agnew's.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE GOULBURN POLO TEAM OF BROTHERS *(Messrs. P. S. K., G. G., J. H., and R. R. Ashton)*—FOR REMAINING A FINE FAMILY SIDE.

THE famous GOULBURN POLO TEAM from Australia, which consists of the brothers Ashton and one spare man, Mr. Skene, is visiting England this season with a view to capturing our Championship. The Ashtons, who were over here in 1930, have been playing polo as a family side for nearly twelve years and are an exceptionally strong combination.

FOR the first time for seven years a woman has won the Newdigate Prize for English Verse, for this coveted distinction has been awarded to MISS MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH, a second-year undergraduate of Somerville College, for a poem on "The Man in the Moon." Miss Stanley-Wrench sketched the outline of her poem as she lay in hospital recovering from a mastoid operation.

MR. ROBERT HOBBS—FOR HAVING A GIANT BIRD-EATING SPIDER FROM THE ZOO DIRECTED UP HIS SHOULDER FOR "THE RETURN OF DR. SIN FANG."

MISS MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH—FOR RECEIVING THE NEWDIGATE PRIZE FOR "THE MAN IN THE MOON."

ONE of the members of the cast of the new British "horror" film, "The Return of Dr. Sin Fang," which is now being shot at Elstree, is not a very popular "artist." It is a GIANT BIRD-EATING SPIDER lent by the Royal Zoological Society for the occasion, and is a most unpleasant-looking and repellent creature. MR. ROBERT HOBBS, who plays the hero of the picture, has to give a genuine display of fortitude when his spider *confrère*, in obedience to instructions from the director, slowly crawls up on to his shoulder when he is at the telephone. Mr. Hobbs is an excellent actor—but is his expression of alarm and disgust all art? Surely a touch of nature has crept in!

The DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON *(here seen with her grandson,* JAMES DRUMMOND-HAY*)*—FOR CARRYING HER ANTI-TRAPPING CAMPAIGN INTO WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY WEARING ARTIFICIAL FUR ON HER CORONATION ROBES.

THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON is an enthusiastic supporter of anti-trapping. In obedience to her principles, she used an artificial fur fabric on her Coronation robes. She is the wife of the 13th Duke of Hamilton and 10th of Brandon, the Premier Peer of Scotland.

SCRUFFY, the well-known dog film-star, plays a leading rôle in "Wings of the Morning," at the New Gallery; and is also a member of the cast of "Storm in a Teacup," which has a gala première, in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, at the Leicester Square Theatre on June 7. At the première of "Wings of the Morning" Scruffy sat in one of the best seats, occupying a stall next to that of Sir Kingsley Wood, one of the distinguished guests present.

SCRUFFY, *the dog film-star*—FOR NOT BEING IN THE WINGS IN THE EVENING AT "WINGS OF THE MORNING" AND SITTING NEXT TO SIR KINGSLEY WOOD IN THE STALLS.

TO MARRY THE DUKE OF WINDSOR TO-MORROW: MRS. WALLIS WARFIELD.

The marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor to MRS. WALLIS WARFIELD, formerly Mrs. Simpson, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Teakle Wallis Warfield, of Maryland, is fixed to take place at the Château de Candé, Monts, on Thursday, June 3. Mrs. Warfield recently reverted, by deed poll, to her maiden name.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

"THE PRINCESS OF THE SEALS."

This example of the work of the late Paul Chabas, who was known, more especially, by his best-seller "September Morn," is from his "La Fée aux Phoques." Chabas used to take his models out in his motor-boat and paint them in the open air.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT AT THE QUEEN MARY BIRTHDAY BALL.

VISCOUNTESS SCARSDALE *(l.) was the Chairman of the Queen Mary Birthday Ball, at the Dorchester, in aid of the Royal Eye Hospital. Our photograph shows her with* VISCOUNT MAITLAND, *son of the Earl of Lauderdale, and* VISCOUNTESS MAITLAND, *formerly Miss Helena Perrott.*

VISCOUNT COWDRAY *is seen with* MISS PRIMULA ROLLO, *daughter of Lady Kathleen Rollo.*

Left: LAXMI, *the Indian dancer, gave some of her wonderful numbers to entertain the guests.*

MISS DAPHNE KINGSMILL *and* MR. PURBRICK, *whose wedding is fixed for July 7, were guests at the Ball.*

BARONESS RAVENSDALE *danced with* PRINCE ARMAGIT OF KAPURTHALA.

COUNTESS BEATTY, *who assisted Lady Scarsdale and Lord Beatty to receive the guests, presented a puppy, which was auctioned. It is being admired by its new owners,* MR. *and* MRS. ROLAND ROBINSON.

"DON JUAN" DANCED TO GLUCK.

"DON JUAN," to music by Gluck, was a novelty presented last year by the BLUM BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO, and was in their programme for last night, June 1, at the London Coliseum. H.M. Queen Mary and T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent arranged to be present at the opening performance on Monday, May 31, in aid of the Summer Holiday Camp for Russian children, when the new ballet, "Les Elfes," was in the programme.

This is the ballroom scene in the ballet "DON JUAN," which is in the répertoire of the Ballets de Monte Carlo, who are giving creations of Michel Fokine, under his personal direction, at the London Coliseum.

Right: "Death draws the curtain"—the striking curtain of the first act of "DON JUAN" after the Don has killed the Commendatore.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERLYN SEVERN.

Above: "PRINCE IGOR," the Polovtsian Dances from the opera by Borodin, is included in the Ballets de Monte Carlo programme at the London Coliseum this week.

THE BLUM BALLET IN ROMANTIC TCHAIKOVSKY AND BORODIN BALLETS.

Below: "LAC DES CYGNES," the romantic ballet to Tchaikovsky music, will be included in the programme of the Ballets de Monte Carlo next week.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERLYN SEVERN.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

THE BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS OF KENT.

This splendid portrait-study of the beautiful DUCHESS OF KENT is a fine example of Mr. Cecil Beaton's camera art. It shows her Royal Highness posed with an easy grace which calls attention to the loveliness of her hands and gives full value to the classic elegance of the lines of her evening dress. The way in which she wears the two jewelled clips to fasten the drapery should be specially noted.

PAGANINI AND PRINCESS BY

Princess Anna Elisa of Lucca (EVELYN LAYE) *and Paganini* (RICHARD TAUBER).

Right: Pimpinelli (CHARLES HESLOP) *and Bella Gireti* (JOAN PANTER).

Another view of Paganini and the Princess Anna Elisa.

Left: RICHARD TAUBER *and* EVELYN LAYE *are shown taking the final round of applause—a photograph from the wings.*

Here the military are waiting to arrest Paganini (RICHARD TAUBER), *who bows to the Princess* (EVELYN LAYE).

The Princess (EVELYN LAYE)

"PAGANINI," *the new light opera, with music by Franz Lehar, just produced at the Lyceum, presents Richard Tauber, the famous tenor, in the name-part. is a tuneful and romantic musical comedy set in the Principality of Lucca; with*

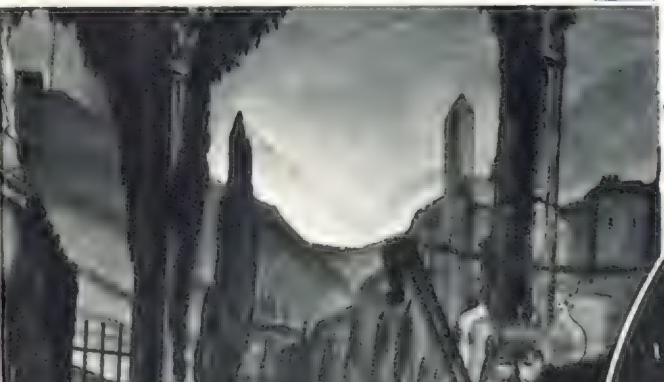
PHOTOGRAPHS

RICHARD TAUBER AND EVELYN LAYE.

The scene in the Banquet Hall of the Royal Palace of Lucca. The arrival of the Prince.

RICHARD TAUBER *as Paganini—but not the lean, diabolical-looking Paganini of history and caricature.*

Right: A love scene between the Princess (EVELYN LAYE) *and Paganini* (RICHARD TAUBER).



makes her entry on horseback.

Another view of EVELYN LAYE *and* RICHARD TAUBER *as the Princess and the musician.*

A close-up of RICHARD TAUBER *and* EVELYN LAYE *in one of their numbers.*

No attempt has been made to suggest the long, lean, cadaverous and diabolical violinist of legend, and the violin solos are, of course, given "off." "Paganini" Evelyn Laye as a lovely Princess who takes rather too deep an interest in the musician.

BY BARON.

PARLIAMENTARY LADIES IN COMPETITION.

The HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL, *daughter-in-law of Lord Farnham, won the Handicap Prize and the Violet Mond Handicap Aggregate Cup in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Spring Tournament at Addington.*

LADY SOMERLEYTON.

MISS G. CRADOCK-HARTOPP.

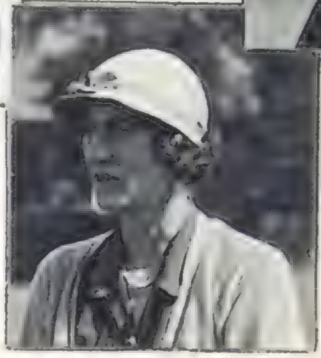
The HON. MRS. D. HELY-HUTCHINSON.

MISS E. CLAYTON-EAST.

The HON. MRS. ROBIN GURDON.

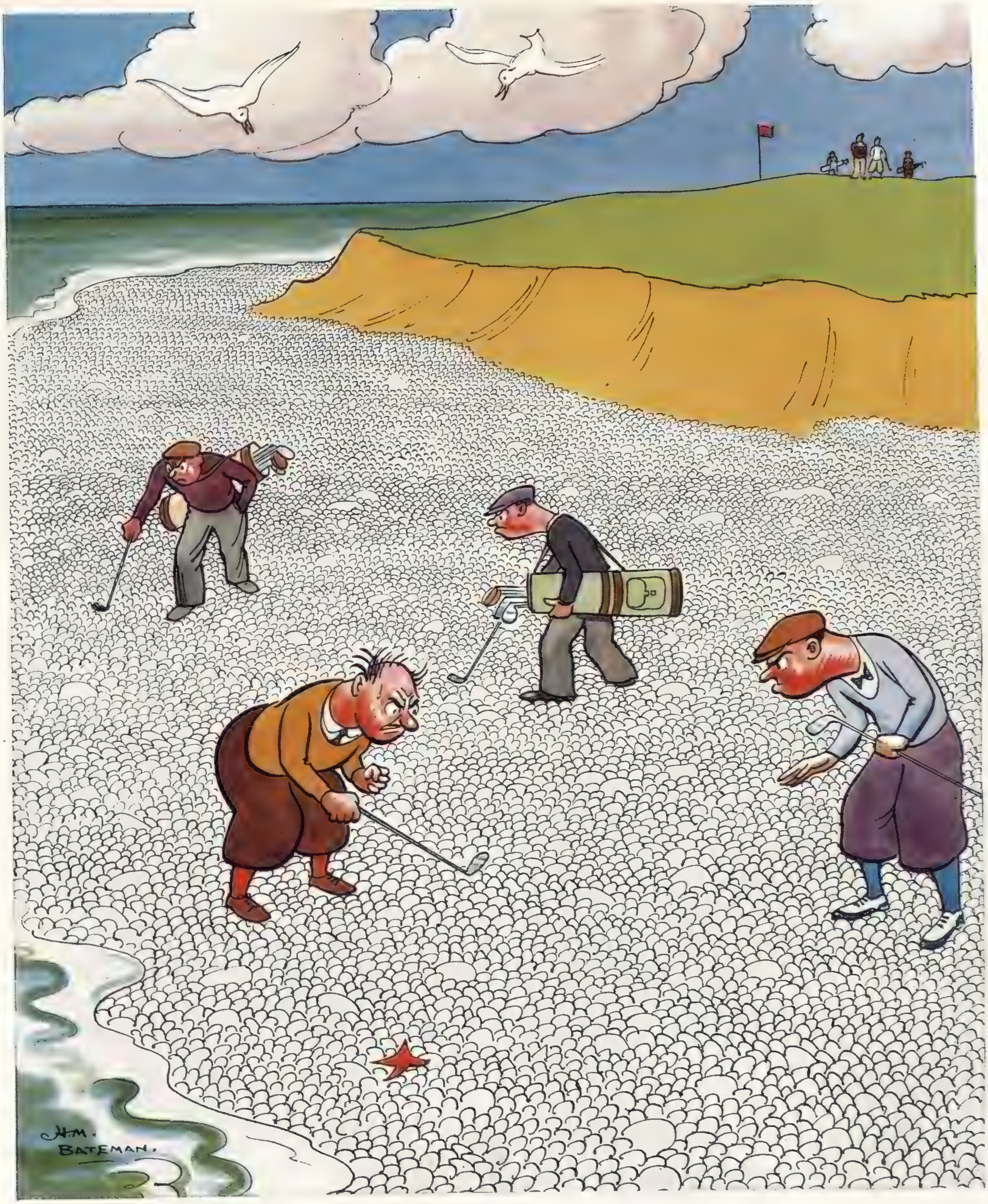
MARY, VISCOUNTESS LYMINGTON.

MISS BRENDA SMITHERS, *a semi-finalist.*



LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN.

The HON. ESMÉ GLYN, *sister of Viscount Wolverton, was a competitor in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Spring Tournament at Addington.*



Have a glass of Guinness when you're Tired

G.E.677

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The "Style Conscious" Woman realises that her most expensive ensembles lose prestige if she is not smartly shod—and if she has the pioneering instinct in clothes, she knows to turn to Dolcis for first news of smart shoes. For instance, these, our latest Hollywood Discoveries, are just another Dolcis Fashion Forecast—a prelude to a glamorous summer.
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FIVE OF THE AGES OF "VICTORIA THE GREAT."

ANNA NEAGLE AS THE OLD AND THE YOUNG QUEEN.

MISS ANNA NEAGLE *plays the part of the Queen in* "VICTORIA THE GREAT," *the film directed by Herbert Wilcox which is now being made at Elstree. Here she is as the young Queen after her Coronation in 1838, when she was nineteen.*

MISS ANNA NEAGLE *as Queen Victoria on the occasion of her marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha on February 10, 1840, when she was nearly twenty-one.*

"VICTORIA THE GREAT" should be a notable picture. Herbert Wilcox has taken the greatest care over the casting of every part in the film, during the course of which many famous historical characters are introduced.

The suggestion of increasing majesty is well indicated in this study of MISS ANNA NEAGLE *as Queen Victoria a few years after her marriage.*

In early middle-age ANNA NEAGLE *gives Queen Victoria an expression of firmness and authority, in accordance with history. She is seen with the Prince Consort* (ANTON WALBROOK).

As the widowed Queen, ANNA NEAGLE *captures the traditional atmosphere which distinguished Victoria the Great. The Prince Consort died in 1861. Queen Victoria lived until January 22, 1901.*

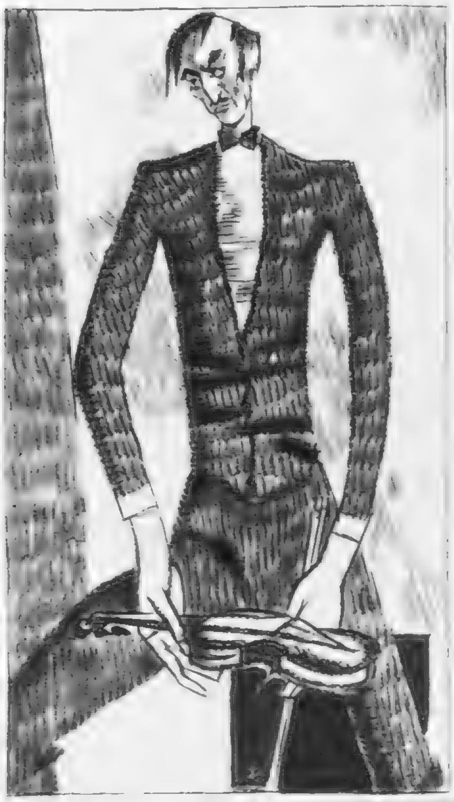
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED DANIELS.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

"PAGANINI," Mr. Cochran's show at the Lyceum, is essentially a star vehicle, and it is hardly necessary to say, in the case of such a management, that the vagrant musician's romantic waggon has been harnessed to authentic stars. Everybody has pointed out that Mr. Tauber appears in the play as a hale and hearty figure: indeed, to the story's brisk virtuoso of the violin (and of flirtation), the recent song about "Fit as a fiddle and ready for love" seems singularly appropriate. That the original Paganini was described as a dark barebones of a man with Satanic suggestion really does not matter. We seek at the Lyceum to be charmed and diverted and not introduced to a dictionary of biography. Nothing really matters except that Mr. Tauber's voice should be in full and fruitful employment, and that his partner in song should be able to hold her own in such eminent company. Both conditions are amply fulfilled. Miss Evelyn Laye was never in better voice, and never better suited than by the Regency period decoration.



These pages are well adorned with SKETCHES OF "PAGANINI," *at the Lyceum, carried out in the Royal Academic manner. This is a portrait of Nicolai Paganini, the famous violinist. It is a fantasy wrongly attributed to Glyn Philpot, R.A.*

Whether the Lehar score will prove in the long run to be an abiding favourite remains to be seen. It is enough to say that the great master of light music has given us a good specimen of the inevitable waltz, and that there are excellent numbers for Miss Laye as well as for Mr. Tauber. Miss Laye, as the Princess of Lucca and sister of Napoleon, both sings and looks in superb form, and we need have no hesitation in believing that Paganini fell in love at first sight.

She, hearing the magic violin, responded by falling in love at first note. Her hero fiddled and she burned, and thereby hangs a musical-comedy plot which enables Mr. Charles Heslop and Mr. Esmé Percy to be as funny as their lines allow, while Mr. Tauber and Miss Laye are lifting the roof and commanding continual encores with a flood of vocalism as generous as it is grand. On the first night, the audience was insatiable in its demand for encores.

Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, as producer, did not get much chance to show his quality until the end of Act II., when his lighting of a small ballet and of a fantastic dance accompaniment to Paganini's playing of the violin were distinctively attractive. The third act, in a smugglers' alcoholic bolt-hole, offered rather conventional crowd-choruses, but these had plenty of dash and colour. The book, adapted by Messrs. A. P. Herbert and Reginald Arkell, was a suitable provider of romantic and musical opportunities, and offered to our triumphant Tauber-Paganini and his adoring Princess the right kind of fiddlesticks, and to the clowns the basis for the right kind of fun. The fun will get better with time: the singing could hardly be improved.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," at the Strand, vanished quickly. But I should like to mark its passing by a raising of the critical hat to Miss Isabel Jeans, whose performance as a flighty, fluttering, foolish, selfish, and completely inconsiderate "socialite" was so perfect in its kind, that the evening could pass agreeably even for those who found the play to be a disagreeable aggregation of scrappy talk propelled by dreadful people. This kind of play about mad, maleficent Mayfair needs a very skilled hand: one, for example, who can analyse morbid conditions with the cool, sure scrutiny of Dr. Somerset Maugham.

But Dr. Maugham has regrettably resigned his practice. Still, if he won't write new plays when we requisition them, we can revive the old. So "THE CONSTANT WIFE" comes to the Globe with the presence of Miss Ruth Chatterton, well known to our screens but fresh to our stage, who gives a most talented and attractive performance of that play's rational and refreshing heroine. Her American accent is scarcely noticeable, and does not mar the English atmosphere of the very skilful production. She has a special and captivating knack of mingling speech with laughter in a very natural way.

The central figure of the piece is a muddler with a load of mischief. This philandering husband finds himself rescued from trouble by a wife who has known all for some time, and forgives all with a public display of magnanimity, reserving privately the right to take similar liberties when occasion offers and the mood prompts. The husband is such a noodle and so vain that he never thinks this kind of tit-for-tat possible, and is horrified when he discovers that a wife who has, so to speak, stuck to him through thick may desert him in thin. For this blatant booby Mr. Cecil Parker provides a lovely performance. This actor goes from one capital achievement to the next.

The cast also includes Miss Helen Haye, Miss Eileen Peel, Miss Everley Gregg, and Mr. Cecil Raymond. They all react nicely to the occasion, which must be a very pleasant one for players to whom contemporary drama rarely offers such an atmosphere of intelligence and wit. The play may not be one of Mr. Maugham's best, though I cannot see much wrong with it myself by the standards of its own type. It is a bright and brittle comedy about bright and brittle people, with a foundation of real observation on the nature of social freedom. At any rate, it is written with a proper sense of a good line and with that stylistic tact which can give a laughing air to rather bitter comedy, avoids excess of gall, and preserves an amusing situation from drifting into farcical rough waters.

Here may be seen the Princess of Lucca (EVELYN LAYE) *from "Paganini," at the Lyceum, in the style of Alfred Munnings, R.A.*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, *and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page* XIV.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

IF sincerity is the acid test of pathos, then "SEVENTH HEAVEN" (Gaumont, Haymarket) is a story which is infinitely pathetic, both in itself and in its acting. We have none of us forgotten the simplicity and charm of the old silent picture, with Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor as the Paris sewer-man promoted to street-cleaner by apparently miraculous intervention, and the little waif driven to the streets by the brutality of her sister. To-day, with James Stewart and Simone Simon in the now immortal parts, the picture still weaves its gentle, strangely haunting spell, a spell compounded of both sentiment and sentimentality, of young love parted by the ruthlessness of war, of idealism and mysticism, of courage, and of unsophisticated humour. Its emotional appeal is direct and uncomplicated, an appeal designed to stir pity rather than sorrow, and, in reality, as far removed from true tragedy as the make-believe of a child. The only fundamental changes, as compared with the original production of ten years ago, are in the casting. Chico's garret, to which he reluctantly brings the inarticulate girl, Diane, is the same garret, with the same view across the broken lines of Paris roof-tops; Héloise, the veteran taxi, piloted now by Gregory Ratoff, still plies for money or romance; the stone stairs of the tenement house still mount unendingly to the heaven of the seventh floor. Everything is there, and just as it should be, for those who like to take their entertainment tearfully. As for the acting, it is difficult to imagine that, for those who never saw the silent picture, it could be bettered. And by this I do not mean to cast any reflection whatsoever upon the work of James Stewart or of Simone Simon: it is just that they are quite different from those other star-crossed lovers of our memory. But, as acting, both performances are very much worth while. The slow, dry humour of James Stewart lends, perhaps, a sharper edge to the bombastics of that "very remarkable fellow," Chico: his portrayal, while not lacking in spontaneousness, is a definitely conceived study that, generally speaking, gains in humanity what it discards in romance. Simone Simon, as Diane, is a fascinating creature with her expressive silences, her great, childish eyes, her charming accent, her sudden, puckered smile. She gives us, too, some lovely moments of complete simplicity.

Acting on the assumption that a little serious drama is an excellent sedative for nerves keyed up by an exceptionally festive season, the Plaza presents "GREEN LIGHT," an adaptation of a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Both author and director — Frank Borzage — take their subject very seriously indeed; nor could they well do otherwise, dealing as they do with an uplifting theme of altruism and faith in divine guidance. Mr. Douglas has found an illustration for his argument in the medical profession. Therefore the picture opens in a hospital and reaches its climax in a research laboratory in Montana, where a particularly malevolent bug lightly turns his spring-time fancy to the spreading of spotted fever. A rising young surgeon, Dr. Paige, takes on his shoulders the blame of a bungled operation, in order to save his senior, the true culprit, from the shattering consequences of one split second of misjudgment. Dismissed from the hospital, regarded as a murderer by the victim's lovely daughter, Dr. Paige goes into voluntary exile in the fever district. In the cause of humanity he allows a carrier bug to infect him with the disease, nor will he permit any intervention in the course of the fever, from which, after anxious hours, he emerges into the sunshine of rehabilitation, romance, and the discovery of a vaccine triumphantly established. The final episode in the lonely laboratory is tautly handled and fraught with suspense. The earlier chapters are punctuated with homilies from a white-haired Dean, who dispenses ethical advice to a trio of troubled young people. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in the part of this crippled saint, philosophises eloquently on the red light that bids mankind pause for reflection and the green light that signals a spiritual advance. The destinies of the story's protagonists would, one feels, have shaped themselves to identical ends without the Dean's dignified interruptions, which, whilst they may emphasise the moral, retard the pace of the picture. Yet its obvious sincerity balances a plethora of noble sentiments, and Errol Flynn, in the dominating character of Dr. Paige, carries the burden of persistent self-sacrifice with refreshing ease and, freed from the trappings of costume drama, proves himself an actor of integrity and strength.

Errol Flynn's rise to stardom has been swift and spectacular — at least, from the public's point of view. To him, who seems to have crammed an amazing variety of exploits into his life already, the leap into prominence and popularity on the screen might possibly appear to be just another adventure. Born in Belfast in 1909, the son of a professor of biology at Queen's University, young Flynn set out to realise many a youngster's dream. To begin with, he joined the Territorial Constabulary in New Guinea. Then he bought a schooner and put it into the inter-island freight service, until it struck a coral reef. He has prospected for gold and found it; made a fortune and lost it. He was pearl-fishing in Tahiti when an English film company came along in search of location for "Mutiny on the *Bounty*," in which, curiously enough, Flynn was cast for his own ancestor, Fletcher Christian, who headed the famous mutiny. Some subsequent experience on the English stage under Sir Barry Jackson led to film work; and finally Irving Asher's faith in him launched him on his screen career in "Captain Blood," soon to be followed by "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Plainly, life had prepared the young actor well for so-called swashbuckling parts, but it has fallen to "Green Light" to reveal in him histrionic gifts that go far beyond a disarming smile and physical endowments.

ESMÉ PERCY *is seen in the play as Bartucci, an impresario who twiddles the most luxuriant synthetic eyebrows ever beheld on any stage. Our drawing is titled "Brother Bartucci," after a painting by George Belcher, A.R.A.*

And this is as Sir John Lavery, R.A., might have seen RICHARD TAUBER *as Paganini, together with a small inset to show how Sir John sees himself.*

The Dachshund (or, sausage dog!) is a long fellow—but even at a dog show you can't find quite such a prolonged Dachs! MRS. W. J. R. CONNELL *is grooming a couple of the famous breed.*

NEW COLLEGE CREW *finished Head of the River at Oxford Summer Eights, deposing Oriel after a "reign" of four years. Our photograph shows* MESSRS. F. G. R. BEDINGFELD *(Bow)*, A. N. PARKER, N. F. D. GRAHAM, D. NUSBAUM, J. M. BLAIR-FISH, D. R. B. MYNORS, M. G. ASHBY, N. D. WATSON *(stroke)*, *and* A. CRAWFURD *(Cox)*.

This snapshot from the West Sussex Club, Storrington, shows MISS PHYLLIS WADE, MRS. ANDREW HOLM, MISS BRIDGET NEWELL, *and* MISS KATHARINE GARNHAM *(l. to r.) watching* MME. LACOSTE *practise her putts before the Anglo-French Ladies' Match fixed for Friday last.*

RIVER, GOLF-COURSE, AND SHOW-RING SNAPSHOTS.

MR. ROBERT SWEENY, JNR. *(Royal and Ancient, G.B.).*

MR. W. WEHRLE *(Racine, U.S.A.).*

COUNT ALARIC DE BENDERN *(Royal and Ancient, G.B.).*

MR. G. B. PETERS *(Fereneze, G.B.).*

MR. C. STOWE *(Penn, G.B.).*

MR. J. J. F. PENNINK *(Royal Ashdown Forest G.B.—English Champion).*

MR. L. O. M. MUNN *(Royal St. George's, G.B.).*

MR. R. D. CHAPMAN *(Apawamis, U.S.A.).*

THE LAST EIGHT IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

JOHN EVERARD

FOR Ascot, for a royal Garden Party, for any special occasion when the sun shines, nothing could be more charming than this dress of white organza, with its air of youthful sophistication. It is patterned with fern leaves of fine black lace, and at the back there is a deep V cut to the waist and filled in with lace, while the buoyant skirt drifts like a cloud. It comes from the Model Gown Department at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W.

SALUTE TO SUMMER

WEAR a small hat sometimes, for piquancy's sake and on it put masses of veiling. Photographed below is Rose Descat's little cap of coarse black straw swept forward into a whorl, with many loops of black veiling set at the front.

JOHN EVERARD

ON the right is a third model from Pissot and Pavy. It most satisfactorily solves the problem of what hat to wear with a summer suit in town. Made by Lanvin in white waffle piqué, the brim, which sweeps up at one side in a most debonair manner, is underlined with navy ballibuntal, and the crown is pulled up into a double fin.

TIE a bright scarf about your head, and you'll look gay and sophisticated. At any rate, you certainly will if it is done this way. The girl in our picture is wearing a Paisley cap patterned in green and red and yellow on white, and over it there is a large black straw brim. This is one of the very distinguished models that abound at Pissot and Pavy's, of 66, Grosvenor Street, W.

JOHN EVERARD

HERE is a frock that is as romantic and as softly brilliant as a summer night. In French grey crêpon, it is patterned with bouquets of flowers in royal blue, deep pinks, and jade, the beauty of the design accented by the simplicity of the dress. A royal blue chiffon sash is threaded through an appliquéd flower, the high-necked blue yoke forms wide straps at the back, and the royal blue cape is exquisitely shaped. This model comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W.

FLOWER-STREWN PRINTS FOR JUNE DAYS

ALWAYS to look cool and fresh when the weather is blazingly hot in town—that is a triumph. And here, on the left, is one of the secrets. A dress of black crêpe patterned with shaded green flowers, cool as water that flows under trees. Fluted frills run rhythmically round the yoke and then fall from the waist to the hem, and the full-topped sleeves accent the slenderness of the hips. It comes from Marcel, 44, Knightsbridge, S.W.

AND on the right we have photographed a dress in which one might lunch impressively and live happily. It, too, comes from Marcel, where originality and charm go hand-in-hand. Made in crêpe-de-Chine printed in vivid flower stripes, it has a black georgette yoke banded with the print, and a coat similarly trimmed. The belt and the narrow borders on the coat show the reversed side of the flower pattern.

JOHN EVERARD

when dining
with
someone
you
don't know
very
well . . .

have you
ever
noticed
how a
certain feeling
of tension
is broken
by smoking
a cigarette . . .

and how
from
that moment
when
you both
start smoking
you enjoy
yourself
enormously ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

HELEN JACOBS ON THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH.

THE International Club lawn tennis matches between England and France, which are a curtain-raiser to the Championships of France, are a fair indication of the strength of the two teams. I say fair advisedly, for naturally the players cannot be expected to take the matches too seriously just before a tournament of great importance and long duration. Nevertheless, it is interesting to observe in the games of the young French players Marcel Bernard and B. Destremau a subtlety and finesse that do not distinguish the games of Charles Hare and Frank Wilde. The character of the games of these two French players shows the influence of Borotra and Lacoste.

Bernard and Destremau do not eschew the hard-hitting game, but neither do they allow it to dominate their play. Both have a drop-shot well timed and well disguised; both have the short, cross-court game, so devastating when the opponent shows fatigue and, before that, when it is desirable to make an opening for the long, straight-line passing shot.

MISS FREDA JAMES, *England's No. 4 woman, beat Miss Alice Marble, the U.S.A. Woman Lawn Tennis Champion, in the final of the Women's Surrey Championship at Surbiton. The conditions for play in this, the first grass court championship, were most unpleasant, as the damp courts detracted from accuracy.*

Service with the Sting Imperative.

In the matter of service, the English players are certainly superior, for the services of these French players, while well-placed and having a certain amount of pace, do not have the sting imperative in putting the receiver consistently on the defensive, and earning frequent outright aces. Both Charles Hare and Frank Wilde have been discussed as possible No. 2 on the English Davis Cup Team. Harry Lee was once suggested. It is fortunate for England that the Davis Cup Challenge round is to be played on the turf of the Centre Court, for all three of these players were outwitted and outplayed on the sodden centre court of the Stade Roland Garros by their French opponents. Wilde was defeated by Jamain, 7—5, 6—4; Lee by Bernard, 3—6, 6—0, 6—3; and Hare by Bernard, 6—4, 6—1. On the slow court, one must rely almost entirely upon strategy and patience. That is probably why the veteran Paul Feret is able to take the measure of so many more aggressive players on his own courts.

Speed and Strategy.

On the whole, I think the English players are right to concentrate upon speed. With such an example as that set by Fred Perry, it is difficult to do otherwise. But had Fred Perry relied solely upon speed and pace, he would not be the player he is, defeating with ease, when still an amateur, such masters of strategy as "Bunny" Austin and Jack Crawford. Fred Perry's sense of tactics is somewhat obscured to the general spectator by his amazing speed of shot—it is always easier to observe tactics when the game is slower. However, they are the key to his opening of the court, and to his mastery of any situation. Harry Lee has the strategy, but not the speed, the variety of stroke and shot necessary to the champion's game.

Fred Perry turned professional before he had an opportunity to pass on much advice to the promising players of his country. But even had he remained in England, I doubt if he could have been as valuable to Hare and Wilde as Austin can be in the matter of coaching. It would be better for the Englishmen to watch Fred Perry, learn what they can from his game for themselves, and make allowance for the fact that about once in a decade does there appear a player with the strength of wrist to make strokes as Perry does.

Austin's Acute Inquiring Mind.

It would be more valuable for the promising players of England to be coached by "Bunny" Austin. In Austin's game one sees perfection of style and masterful strategy. Had he the endurance to combat the physical and nervous strain of two weeks' strenuous play, he would have won Wimbledon long ago. He knows as much about lawn tennis as anyone playing the game, and he can impart his knowledge to others. His astute, inquiring mind enjoys solving the problems of the game, ferreting out the weaknesses in the games of others. He would be as valuable to the English team, of which he is the outstanding member, as Borotra and Lacoste have been to the French team.

It is curious that the three great doubles players of France—Borotra, Brugnon, and Cochet—have been unable to develop an outstanding team from among the younger players of their country. England, seldom at a loss for a winning doubles team—men's or women's—has produced Hare and Wilde, with no one the conspicuous equal of Borotra or Brugnon to give them the benefit of experience and success. Perhaps even better than Hare and Wilde are Tuckey and Hughes, also a comparatively recently developed team. The only good French teams seem always to include Borotra, who, amazing as he is, cannot go on for ever. So far, the French have not seen fit to make much use of their best young players in combination.

The Most Improved Player in Europe.

If the form of Yvon Petra against Frank Wilde in the International Club matches, is any indication of his game for the season, he is the most improved player in Europe. With a build reminiscent of Tilden—he is six-feet-four, and has a slight stoop—he takes full advantage of his height and reach. His service is one of the most severe, it is almost impossible to lob over his head, and his ground strokes have the sting, if not the supreme accuracy, of Fred Perry's. Against Wilde, Petra could make no mistakes. He won 6—0, and 6—3, and in so doing made passing shots from the most difficult positions conceivable in a casual manner, and with complete confidence.

If he can now consolidate his game and maintain his confidence and his concentration; if he is willing to sacrifice speed to strategy when the former is ineffective against an opponent with a defensive solution to his game, then he will indeed be a threat to anyone. Speed alone never won a championship, and at the moment Petra is inclined to ignore the value of subtlety, the change of pace and depth. Even at that, one cannot help but admire his blinding speed, and it will be interesting to see what he does on the fast turf of the Wimbledon courts.—HELEN HULL JACOBS.

When MISS ALICE MARBLE, *the U.S.A. Woman Champion, went out to play in the Surrey Championships at Surbiton, she was besieged by schoolgirls armed with cameras. She is here posing to a "squad" of her "fans."*

For lounging — bathed in sunlight—on a sandy wave-washed beach, wear superbly tailored worsted flannel trousers and a gay, striped woollen shirt. From the Beachwear Shop, Ground Floor.
Navy or grey trousers 35/9
Navy/white shirt - 24/6
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London SW1

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"ALL HANDS!" is the story of two voyages and one ship, the *Hestia*—a freighter with a bad record and a worse name. Jerry Barton, the second officer, asked the helmsman what all the gossip was about.

"It's about the money that was paid for her, sir. She was launched on a dirty game, so they say."

"So were plenty of ships, and they do well. . . . There's more in it than that. What do you know?"

"I know nothing, sir. Their talk don't bother me. But they do say that if ever she is west in a north latitude with the day against her, we can say our prayers."

The *Hestia* certainly gave trouble from the first. At Celebes, where we first have the doubtful honour of making her acquaintance, she was abandoned, in the most summary fashion, by her skipper. His successor, Captain Doughty, who appears on board without anyone being aware of his having come, is a man of learning and a man of taste; Celebes, he tells Jerry, is "an early wrinkle in the face of the planet—even the butterflies over there have fore-wings differently shaped, a bolder curve." Few of the officers and men on deck could appreciate these qualities in Captain Doughty, but later on, when they were west in a north latitude with the day against them, they appreciated his courage and seamanship. He was the moving spirit of the ship, but not its whole spirit, for the *Hestia* was a microcosm, separate but destined, her fate within herself, her welfare sustained by the unity of her company in a common cause, with the chance of frustration through the adversity of the elements, the falsity of material, or errors of the mind.

Heroine and Sub-Heroine.

Thus the ship, rather than any single person in it, is Mr. Tomlinson's hero—or perhaps I should say, heroine. He has a sub-heroine, too, Lyn Tennant, with her father, Dr. Tennant, the *Hestia's* only passengers on the voyage that was so nearly to be her last. But she only comes on board when the story, considered in terms of pages, is a third over; and the interest she provides (which is chiefly a love interest) is almost entirely swamped and lost sight of when the cyclone strikes the *Hestia*. From the æsthetic point of view, this late introduction of Lyn and her father is a defect: it makes all the first part—the account of the *Hestia's* successful voyage home from Celebes—seem like an elaborate, over-long curtain-raiser.

People mean less to Mr. Tomlinson than ships; but as a rule he puts art before both. "All Hands!", with its awkward construction, is an exception to this rule. But the texture of the book maintains the quality for which the author is famous. We may not altogether like his style: it is sometimes too elusive. He is reluctant to look his meaning square in the face; like an ingenious film-photographer, he prefers to snap it from an unexpected angle, making us puzzle for a moment as to what, fore-shortened and heavily shadowed, it really is. There are two characteristics of his mind, both making for obscurity of expression: the irony which shuns a direct statement; and the instinct for condensation which makes him pack into one sentence all the cognate ideas it will hold, and sometimes more. He is a literary craftsman of the highest order, capable of writing a phrase or a paragraph which has the authentic ring of true literature; but he has the defects of his qualities, his thoughts sometimes reach us with the dust of the library on them, half-concealing the glowing colours beneath.

"THREE ELIZABETHS" *is the title of this picture by Hugh Williams, which represents* H.M. *the* QUEEN *and her elder daughter,* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *Heir Presumptive to the Throne, looking back at a likeness of that great sovereign* QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Sea Stories in General.

Without a definite theme to give them individuality, there is a certain monotony—the monotony that belongs to the element itself—in all novels about the sea, however well-written. One can think of some that escape it: the s.s. *San Pedro*, for instance, in which the sense of approaching doom has an even more powerful effect on one's imagination than the catastrophe itself. But "All Hands!", in spite of the distinction of the writing, does not carve itself a niche in one's memory. The idea of the ship as a separate entity is too general and undramatic to be capable of much development; while the conception of Destiny in the person of Sir John Dowland—"a man with no sense, only an overdose of brain"—from his London office coldly controlling so many lives, is hardly original enough to have much compelling force. But, all the same, it was a clever idea to make the chairman of the company and his creatures meet in mid-ocean.

The Queen.

The difficulty of writing the biography of a living person is obvious, and the difficulty is increased tenfold when that person is an English Queen. The divinity that doth hedge a King enfolds his Consort in its charmed circumference, and the biographer must needs be wary how he looks over it. The dead—even the royal dead—have no defence against the curiosity of posterity; the living not much, except the capricious and two-edged remedy of the law of libel. But the public hunger for facts, especially private and personal facts, about people in the public's eye is insatiable and a biographer cannot ignore it. Nor, it is hardly necessary to add, is this appetite keenest for facts that put the subject of the biography in an amiable light. The fashionable biography is either a record that frankly "debunks," or at any rate, a work in which the

[Continued overleaf.

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Continued.]

author feels fully the equal of the man or woman he is writing about. An attitude of respect is rare, an attitude of humility almost unknown. But still, without wishing to associate oneself with the "feet-of-clay" school, one can agree with them to the point of not wanting the portrait too carefully touched up, too thickly varnished.

"Redeeming Faults." Of this Lady Cynthia Asquith is fully aware; and in her first chapter she meets potential critics with a disarming apologia which can hardly fail to take the wind out of their sails—

Readers of these pages will perhaps accuse the writer of bad advocacy. Where—they may complain—is the light and shade so necessary to any true portrait? Unrelieved praise makes monotonous reading. It is also apt to be unconvincing. But since I have been unable to discover any—what might be called—redeeming faults, how was this regrettable sameness to be avoided? Panegyrics without salt are liable to be taken—with a grain of salt. Yet for the sake of safeguarding a biography from the charge of insipidity, the writer could scarcely be expected to obey the dictum; "season with taste," and invest a queen with fictitious faults. But if my praise is unmodified, at least it is not exaggerated. If no failings have been invented, neither have any virtues been magnified. Diversity has been sacrificed to truth.

It is the facts, then, that must be blamed, not the partiality of the author, if the record of the Queen's life reads like a panegyric. And it does. Apart from the testimony of the facts, the warmest tributes come not from Lady Cynthia herself, but from casual commentators who have experienced her Majesty's charm and kindness—from Lord David Cecil, with a delicious account of her overwhelming effect, in childhood, on another childish heart, or from Sergeant Pearne, who has many stories of her solicitude for him and his companions when they were guests in the Countess of Strathmore's hospital at Glamis Castle. These are but two out of the whole radiant mosaic—a mosaic as closely and cunningly put together as the Queen's own engagement book, and giving an impression of a life devoted to service, yet shining with its own colours and, in spite of the conventions imposed by royalty, fulfilling its own pattern.

The marriage of MISS PRUDENCE LANE-FOX, *second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lane-Fox, of Walton House, Boston Spa, to* CAPTAIN R. V. TAYLOR, *16-5th Lancers, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. J. V. Taylor, of North Aston Manor, Banbury, and Dunmore, Argyllshire, took place at St. Mary's, Tadcaster.*

"The Road to Oxiana." Mr. Robert Byron spent nearly a year on the road to and from Oxiana, and a most interesting journey it was. Starting from Venice, his route included Cyprus, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, and Persia before it reached its objective, the rich, pastoral plain of Afghan Turkestan which separates the Oxus from the Hindu Kush; and there still remained a brief journey through India and the voyage home—"a fortnight blotted out of one's life at great expense." Mr. Byron had a travelling companion, Mr. Christopher Sykes, with whom to share the pleasures, as well as to endure the hardships, breakdowns, delays, disappointments, and above, all, the obstructiveness of officials inseparable from an enterprise of such magnitude. Red tape was especially troublesome in Afghanistan, the inhabitants of which seemed unable to believe that the travellers had no political purpose in their visit. Few Europeans have penetrated Oxiana hitherto, and certainly there will be no rush to follow in Mr. Byron's footsteps.

Poor Asia! [he says, magnificently directing sympathy at an entire continent.] Everything boils down to the inevitable nationalism, the desire for self-sufficiency, the wish to cut a figure in the world and no longer be called interesting for lack of plumbing.

In spite of being so jealously watched, he managed to take a number of photographs of the mosques, tombs, and towers along his route; lovely photographs they are, and the descriptive text adds immensely to their value, both for layman and expert. In the page about Venice there are one or two minor mistakes, and a very paradoxical judgment—"the Doge's Palace looked better from a speed-boat than it ever did from a gondola"—which slightly shook my faith in Mr. Byron's reliability as a guide; but of his interpretative gift there is no question, especially in architectural matters: he can make one both see a building and realise its meaning. Of the Friday Mosque at Isfahan, he observes—

much of it is clumsy, some ugly. But the great egg-dome of plain brick, erected by Malek Shah the Seljuk, has few equals for that blind expression of content which is the virtue of Mohammadan domes.

A Caustic Traveller. He notices everything—buildings, flowers, scenery, wine, food, all that is included in the term "the customs of the country," and describes them with a conciseness which, sharpened as it sometimes is by an edge of malice or exasperation, often becomes definitely caustic. No traveller has ever suffered fools less gladly. There is nothing half-hearted about his praise or about his condemnation; and I earnestly hope that the authorities responsible for the condition of Cyprus will read the passage aimed at them on page 11—a dreadful indictment of Philistinism and neglect, concluding with the ironical reflection that "these manifestations of British care, if inartistic, have at least the advantage of defence against the moribund atmosphere of a museum." "The Road to Oxiana" is a book that no one should miss. It has a double advantage over most volumes of its kind: the author writes extremely well and is passionately interested in his subject, not a mere random collector of impressions.

"Murder in Hospital." The body of Nurse Greenlow of St. Edmund's Hospital was found in a linen-basket in one of the wards. She had been strangled with the strings of her cap. Inspector Mitchell found the hospital staff

[Continued on page xvi.

The marriage of MISS GRACE EVELYN MOORE, *eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Moore, of New York, to Mr. Alan Russell, youngest son of the late Hon. Cyril Russell and of Mrs. Russell, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place.*

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

I AM anticipating with considerable pleasure another visit to Scotland. The reason for this pleasure is not entirely concerned with the fact that golf in Scotland seems somehow to belong to a different category from golf in any other part of the world, but also that the occasion for the visit is to watch the play in the Ladies' Championship, which begins at Turnberry next Monday. Dealing with both the place and the event, in a most ungallant sequence, I must confess that Turnberry is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful places at which to play golf in all that galaxy of courses on the west coast of Scotland. The inspiration to play golf is aroused as one gazes at a vista of unbounded beauty from the windows of the magnificent hotel built on an eminence above the course. The course, with its braes and sandhills, is presented as a feast for the golfer, who can see it almost in its entirety—indeed, almost see its subtleties.

From this you may gather I am enthusiastic about Turnberry as a golfing centre, but I would also like to say what an adequate and suitable test it is for a ladies' golf championship. The first Championship I saw there was in 1921. Miss Cecil Leitch was the victor on that occasion, and gained revenge for her defeat by Miss Joyce Wethered the previous year in the final. That was the year, too, when the United States made its first determined attempt to win British women's golf honours. The essay failed when Miss Alexa Stirling, who had been champion of America three times running, was beaten early in the Championship by the ultimate winner.

ELLSWORTH VINES, *whose lawn tennis matches at Wembley against Fred Perry are one of the big thrills of professional lawn tennis this season, is a golfer. Here he is selecting one of his many clubs during a round at Grimsdale Club, Hatch End.*

An International Championship. And now for the forthcoming Ladies' Championship itself. There is, it seems, no very serious American challenge this year. But because there is no Curtis Cup match, as there was last year, it does not mean to say that those who represent the United States in this Championship have no chance: it is merely that I am ignorant of their golfing prowess. France, which has won the title twice in recent years, is again represented, and so are the Dominions. There is, indeed, the customary International entry included in the 112 players. The overseas attack cannot possibly be ignored, with such strong players in the field as beautiful Mlle. Francine Tollon, a former French champion; Miss Peggy Nankivell, who has already won two trophies in this country and has quite a reasonable chance of taking the Ladies' Championship Cup back to Australia with her; and Miss Betty Frost, whose diminutive stature belies her skill as a golfer. She is one of South Africa's leading players.

They Might Have Played. There probably would have been considerably more Dominion golfers in the field but for what now appears to its sponsors to be a rather unfortunate new ruling for the Championship. For the past few years players with a generous handicap allowance have been permitted to take part in the Ladies' Championship. They have had at least two days' fun, because, though they had little chance of winning the Championship, they competed in a stroke competition which qualified sixty-four players. This year the Ladies' Golf Union has reverted to its original scheme, and the Championship is by match play throughout, with a handicap limit so low that many of our Coronation visitors who may have taken part—a safe assumption, since there were about seventy players in that extremely happy day of competitive golf that the L.G.U. provided for Empire visitors at Beaconsfield—are ruled out. Everyone in that field received a prize, and I am sure that the lady golfers who were hostesses on that occasion would be delighted if one of their guests could win the British Championship. However, the new ruling precludes the majority of the Dominion players from competing.

Scotland's Chances. And now let me fulfil my customary rôle of a discredited prophet. I would much rather guess, perhaps with the assistance of a pin and a list of the players, who will win this Championship. But, as it is, I am supposed to know something about the prospects of the players. Miss Pam Barton is, in my opinion, the finest woman golfer since Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson retired from championships. If I say Miss Barton will win the Championship for the second year in succession, the statement will take upon itself the nature of a "hoodoo," so I will content myself by saying that Miss Barton, the holder of the British and United States Championships, is not, I think, playing her best golf at the moment, and may be unable to retain her title. Without the slightest ill feeling, I nominate Miss Bridget Newell to reach the closing stages—I think her skill is sufficient to overcome the bad luck this suggestion might entail. But I am reminded by a Scottish colleague who has interrupted me that it is time that Scotland won the Championship again, and I hasten to mention that Miss Barton's first opponent is Mrs. Walter Galbraith, of Troon; that Mrs. Andrew Holm, Scotland's winner in 1934, Mrs. Hugh Percy, a former Scottish champion, and Miss Jessie Anderson are all in the same quarter of the draw as Miss Barton. It is indeed Scotland's turn, and it would not surprise me if Miss Anderson, the heroine of the Curtis Cup match last year, receives her overdue reward.

Here's a suggestion for comfort in heat-wave golf. It comes from the U.S.A. and shows how players can be wheeled from shot to shot without any undue exertion. The caddie seems just as smiling and happy about this arrangement as the players!

And here Mother is seen enjoying her golf in spite of it being Nanny's afternoon off. She has provided her young hopeful with a pram, plus caddie-bag outfit, and she carries her own clubs and gives baby an airing all on the same occasion. Baby is taking a deep interest in whether she holes her putt or not!

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This England . . .

Ilfracombe, N. Devon

GOING to the seaside is no ancient custom. Indeed until the last century the rigours of travel forbade it for so many. A change of air meant a visit to relatives or the old home in the country. But the custom is a good one ; not only for ourselves but for the little ports that would else have starved through the concentrating of industry. So is our coast dotted with lovely townlets, relics of an older day that our good habits keep alive. And in each you will find—aweary with climbing or swimming or just idling — another refreshing relic of this England that our good habits (and good sense) keep very much alive . . . our Worthington.

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"SEEMS funny to think that the Coronation is only about three weeks away, doesn't it? Such a lot has happened since then. And now we are thinking more of Derby and Oaks than of flags and floodlighting."

The broker looked at his client suspiciously. "Sounds sentimental for you," he observed. "Anything wrong?"

"Never felt better," declared Our Stroller. "I 've been trying to think whether the Coronation will have any really permanent effect on 'Change, or if it 's just a matter of pomp and momentary pageantry."

"What actually are you driving at?" enquired the broker.

"Well, nobody wants to mix patriotism with prices, or loyalty with markets," Our Stroller apologised.

"But——"

"Bound to have a good effect in making foreigners think more highly of British securities," said a Consol Market dealer.

"That 's what I think, too," another said. "It must have been a bit of an eye-opener to our Colonies as well—all that enthusiasm."

"We don't cultivate the flag-wagging temperament, otherwise I fancy the Coronation would have been claimed as a very strong argument in favour of British Government stocks. Don't you agree?"

"The N.D.C., with all its uncertainty——"

"That doesn't matter—at least, in my opinion it doesn't. The real point lies deeper than a few day-to-day fluctuations or occasional mirror disturbances."

"Where does it lie, then?" asked a member. "Bill, please, Mary."

"Putting it bluntly, and in a rather material way, the Coronation showed that our War Loan is the finest security in the world, and that nobody need be afraid of investing capital in British companies."

"Get up on the table and sing it, you blatant froth-blower!"

"Now, didn't I say that flag-wagging is not in our line? It 's you who made me talk like this." He picked up the bill, stubbed his cigarette, and announced his intention of going to see what New York was up to in Yankees.

"I think he 's about right," commented Our Stroller, "though it does go against the grain to hear his theory stated so crudely. British security has regained the place it held in the eyes of the world at the Silver Jubilee of King George V."

Our Stroller had passed through the Shorter's Court door of the Stock Exchange, and had the further effrontery to pause before a list of shipping shares, in spite of there being a Stock Exchange waiter not more than a dozen yards off.

"—Sixty shillings. And worth it," he overheard. "Those R.M. Realisations are still too low. Work it out for yourself. You mustn't take my figures for granted."

"I never do," was the dry response.

"You 'd prefer R.M. to Cunard shares?"

"Two different propositions. Cunards are still somewhat of a gamble, I think."

"Don't we buy things nowadays for that very purpose? So long as there is the prospect of a dividend, other considerations can be more or less ignored. Look at the Kaffir Market: dozens of illustrations you 'll find there."

"How can you possibly draw any comparison between Kaffirs and shipping shares? Decarbonise yourself, Boy: decarbonise yourself."

"O.K., Mo. O.K. But my own experience is that people will buy the non-dividend payers as speculative investments. On the other hand, a good many people require income, and they can't afford to let their money eat its head off in shares that give no return."

"Then where are you going to park it for them?"

"That 's the trouble. We agree that prices are cheap, and that stocks are worth buying. But when you are asked to make up a list for the investment of a thousand pounds or so, you don't find it so easy as it sounds."

Our Stroller turned an enquiring brow upon his broker.

"Not very far out," was the reply. "I 'm putting my people into the sound preference shares, for safety's sake. No: I don't much like it, but what else can you do? Everything is still very uncertain."

"Home Rails?"

"'Home Rails?' Labour possibilities. 'Americans?' Roosevelt. 'Gold Shares?' The gold bogey. 'Industrials?' National Defence Tax. Shall I go on?"

"You haven't left yourself much more scope, have you?"

"Plenty, dear Sir; plenty. I think the secured Chinese and Japanese bonds are healthy. Argentine Railway stocks have healthy prospects, and I like all the good Oil shares. Can't hurt yourself with those, it seems to me. Hark at them bidding for Nickels!" and he nodded across to the American Market.

"I wouldn't care to be in the thick of that scrum," said Our Stroller. "It looks like St. James's Park on Coronation night."

"The King stood over there," remarked the broker, "when he came to the House, nearly twenty years ago, with the Prince of Wales."

"Why?"

"Just to have a look round, I suppose. The two brothers lunched with the Stock Exchange Committee. The present King is very popular in the House, you know. . . . Mind yourself!"

He threw down the newspaper he had been holding, and to which someone had applied a lighted match; then he stamped out the flame and went on talking:

"We think, over here, that public interest in the Coronation has nearly subsided, shall we say? But overseas it isn't so at all, so far as I can tell. I bought a number of Coronation supplements——"

"I heard him order them," Our Stroller confirmed, "and I thought what an inflated bull account he was building on a very Sketchy foundation."

"Well, all that lot went, at once, to friends and clients. And in my mail this week I have another eleven applications, from people whom I hadn't thought of in connection with the Coronation."

"The commemoration numbers were extraordinarily good," said an elderly broker. "I don't wonder that people want to keep a copy. What 's the three months' option rate on Western Reefs?"

The dealer told him, and asked whether he wanted to perform.

"Not at the moment, thanks. There 's been some money lost over those things, hasn't there?"

"You did have some options with us, didn't you?" asked the dealer. "Or am I thinking of somebody else?"

"We did have some with you," replied the broker. "One of my clients went pretty big over Western Reefs. He gave money for the call, saw a net profit of twenty-two hundred pounds——"

"And wouldn't take it? Same as many others."

"Wouldn't sell, as you say, and in the end just abandoned the option. Cost him about two hundred and fifty quid loss, instead of his making over two thousand pounds profit. Bit tantalising, you know."

"It was his own fault for being too greedy. Not but what I should most likely have done the same thing myself if I 'd been in his place. I had a man in Tractions——"

"So had we all," declared another broker. "And if you want to make yourself thoroughly unpopular in certain circles, you need do nothing more than whisper the one word 'Traccy.'"

"There 's nothing really wrong with our markets," said a jovial-faced jobber. "I feel so confident about them that I am going to trust them to get along on their own for a couple of days while I go racing."

"We have forgotten the white feather, and we have brought out the white topper. Funny how that old custom survives, isn't it? You always see a few white top-hats in the Stock Exchange after the Derby. Seen this?"

Our Stroller took the gay-coloured ticket and read it with interest. "Derby Sweep?" he guessed.

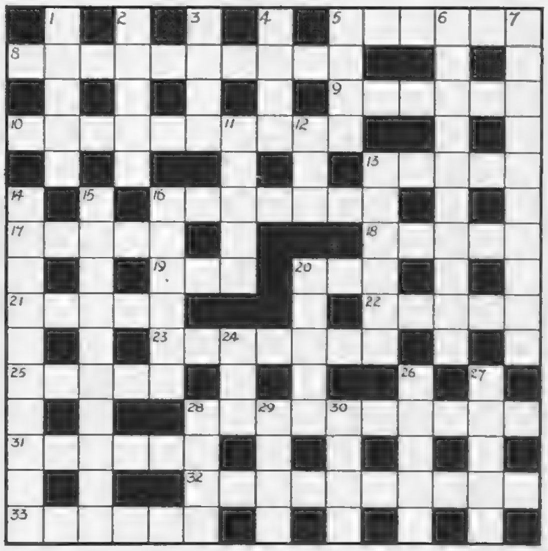
"Quite right, Sir. And if a certain horse, corresponding to this number on the ticket, should bring off a miracle at Epsom, you shall also see how a stockbroker can entertain his friends."

"Hurray! Good luck to you! I certainly hope I shall see——"

"You shall. My face will be lit up. The Stock Exchange will be lit up. The whole town shall be lit up. Wait and see!"

Friday, May 28, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

5. Large number of utter fools in heaps (6).
8. For this read bottle (10).
9. Walks about in kitchens (6).
10. Can a man like this ever be really fed up? (10).
13. That of Scotland is the nine of diamonds (5).
16. Makes things go further (7).
17. It takes more than a jest to supply what is necessary (5).
18. Pile up a service (5).
19. A cathedral town (3).
20. A common Eastern name (3).
21. Fish on the turn is after me. Must be the wine! (5).
22. Rather vulgar money (5).
23. A simple anagram (7).
25. Great lady in the East who is an artist born (5).
28. Playful behaviour rather suggestive of Frisian cattle on a line (10).
31. Sucks up everything it can get (6).
32. From the sublime to the ridiculous (10).
33. My dear, how very changed! (6).

DOWN.

1. You can come to life after a dead one (5).
2. Instrument that plays a tavern game backwards (5).
3. Military headgear (4).
4. Parts with its teeth (4).
5. A state without cash, that and nothing more (4).
6. Gas burns A.1 when adapted (hyphen; 5 and 5).
7. A bob with you and me on allowance is a hanging matter (10).
11. Imposing display (5).
12. May fall on you without hurting you (3).
13. Their quality may be poor, but just as rich (6).
14. The brightness dimmed (10).
15. Being so light, is it strange no mere buds can become this? (10).
16. Another shilling and the money would be kind (6).
20. Spanish coins can easily be changed in this French town (5).
24. Spare part (3).
26. "The whining schoolboy . . . creeping like—— unwillingly to school" ("As You Like It") (5).
27. Trying composition? (5).
28. Battle (4).
29. In a muddle: not I! (4).
30. Shaw makes a trifle of it (4).

Ask him . . .

. . . the man who *knows* about Gin

"*Never touch any until the day's flying is over.*" Many are the younger pilots to whom he's given useful tips on *when* to drink and *what* to drink—on choosing the right Gin and so getting cocktails as they like them. He's warned them never to be content to choose just by the name, but rather by actual trial and comparison. . . . Persuaded to give his own preference, he admits with a smile that personally he's never found any substitute for the smoothness and soundness of SEAGERS

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MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

"IF you can't afford an 'X,' my advice is, buy a Rover." I overheard a very experienced motorist say this to a friend the other day. For obvious reasons I do not mention the make of the car to which the speaker referred, but it is among the most famous and honourable names in the automobile industry. It is, in fact, an open secret that the sales department of the "X" cars frequently advise the purchase of a Rover to those of their customers who, owing to requiring special body-work, or some other reason, cannot get immediate delivery. This advice is quite unbiased and is given simply because many of the staff of "X, Ltd." themselves own Rover cars for their personal use. The reason they give for their preference is that it is the only car that has the degree of refinement and long-wearing qualities which their association with "X" cars makes them demand.

My own experience of Rover cars confirms all that I have said in the preceding paragraph. The Rover "Fourteen," which I tried the other day, was a typical example. It is beautifully sprung, really quiet, steers and holds the road with certainty, has excellent brakes, and a performance at which no one can cavil. There is, too, an air of breeding and good taste about the six-light saloon which results in this car being selected frequently by people who could afford, if they wished, to buy a much more expensive automobile. The body is essentially practical, besides being graceful. Style is given it by the very long bonnet and short scuttle, the windscreen being set almost as far back as the top of the steering-wheel. Both doors are wide, so that it is easy to get in and out. There is plenty of leg-room, although the roomy rear seat is placed well in front of the rear axle, and the amount of luggage space is notably large. The adjective "balance" has now become so hackneyed, through being used by various motor manufacturers, that I hesitate to apply it to the Rover. Yet I can think of no other single word that epitomises at the same time the appearance and the characteristics of the Rover "Fourteen." It is, in truth, a "well-balanced" car.

A ROVER 1937 "FOURTEEN" *six-cylinder saloon is here posed in the attractive surroundings of Moor Park. This car sells at £305.*

A lovely sunny morning tempted us to run down through the leafy lanes of Surrey and into Sussex, so that we lunched in the shadow of the battlements of Arundel Castle. Our route included hilly going over the downs as well as those wonderful, deserted stretches of Stane Street, where one can run the car up to its maximum. There were sharp corners, which gave us the opportunity

Continued overleaf.

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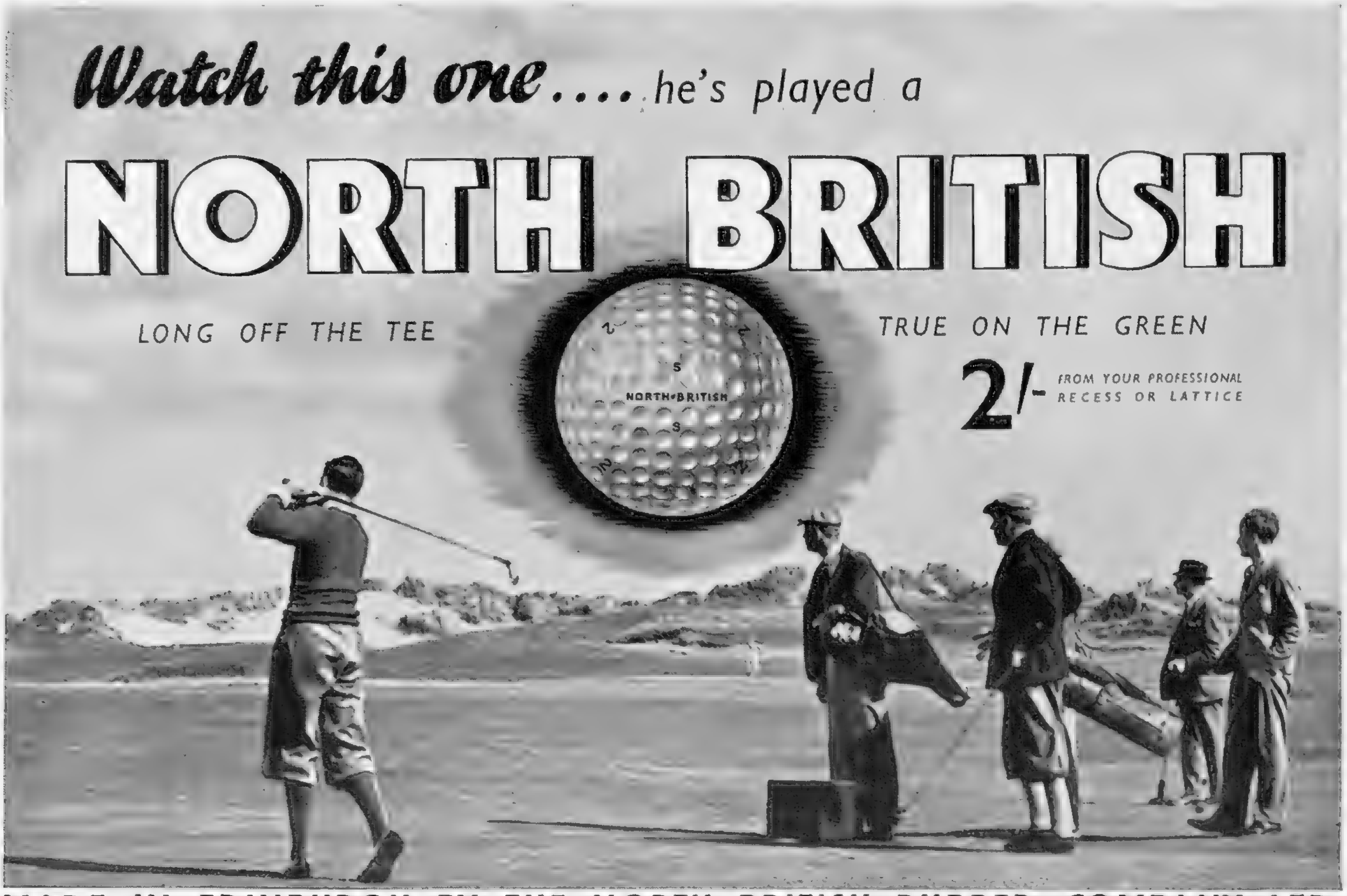

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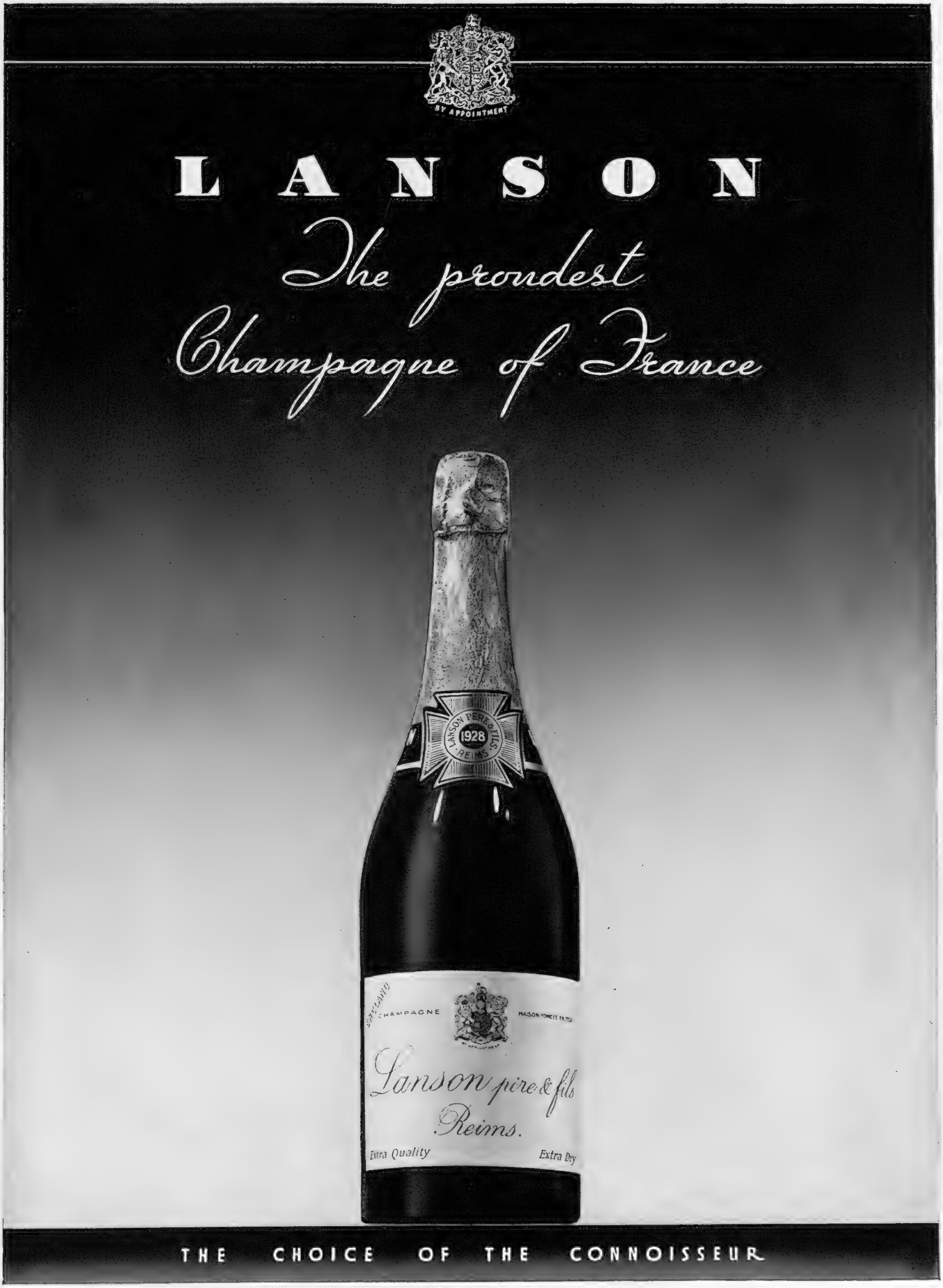
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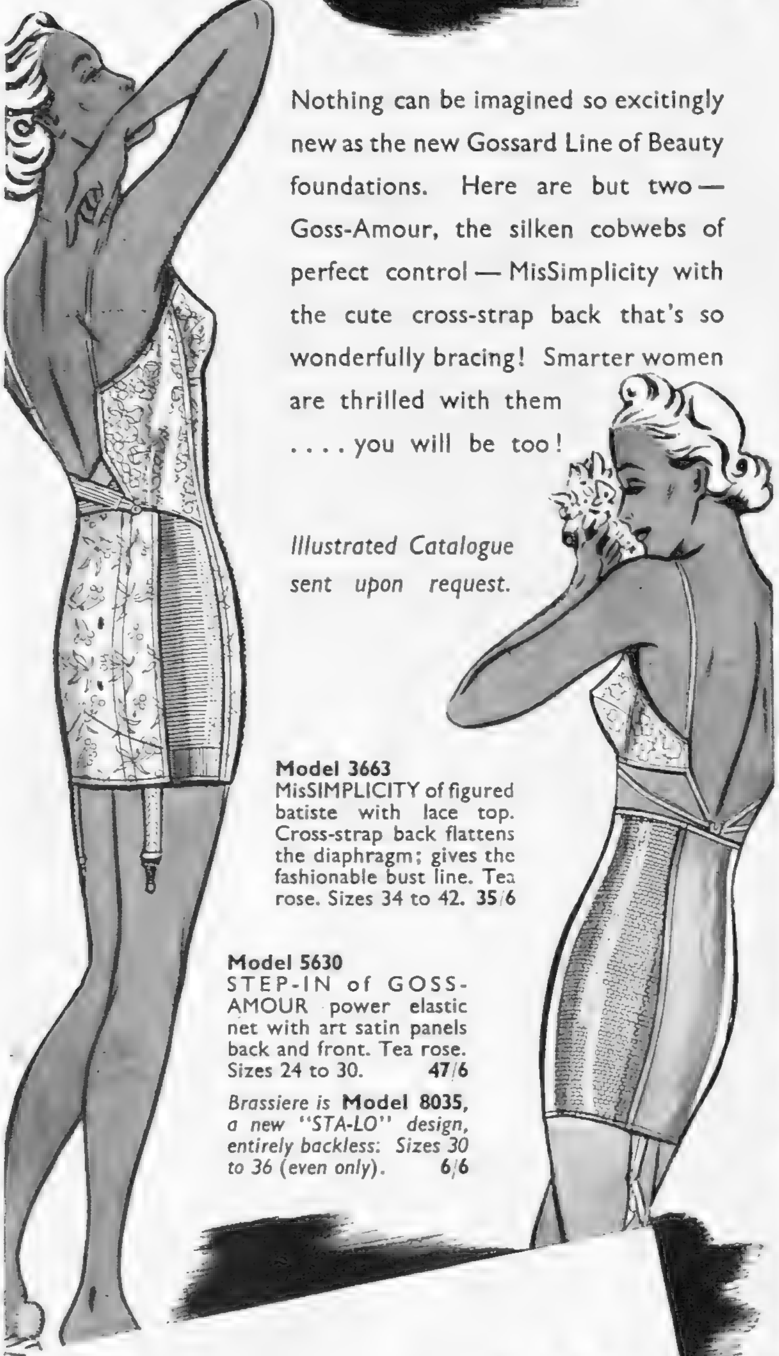

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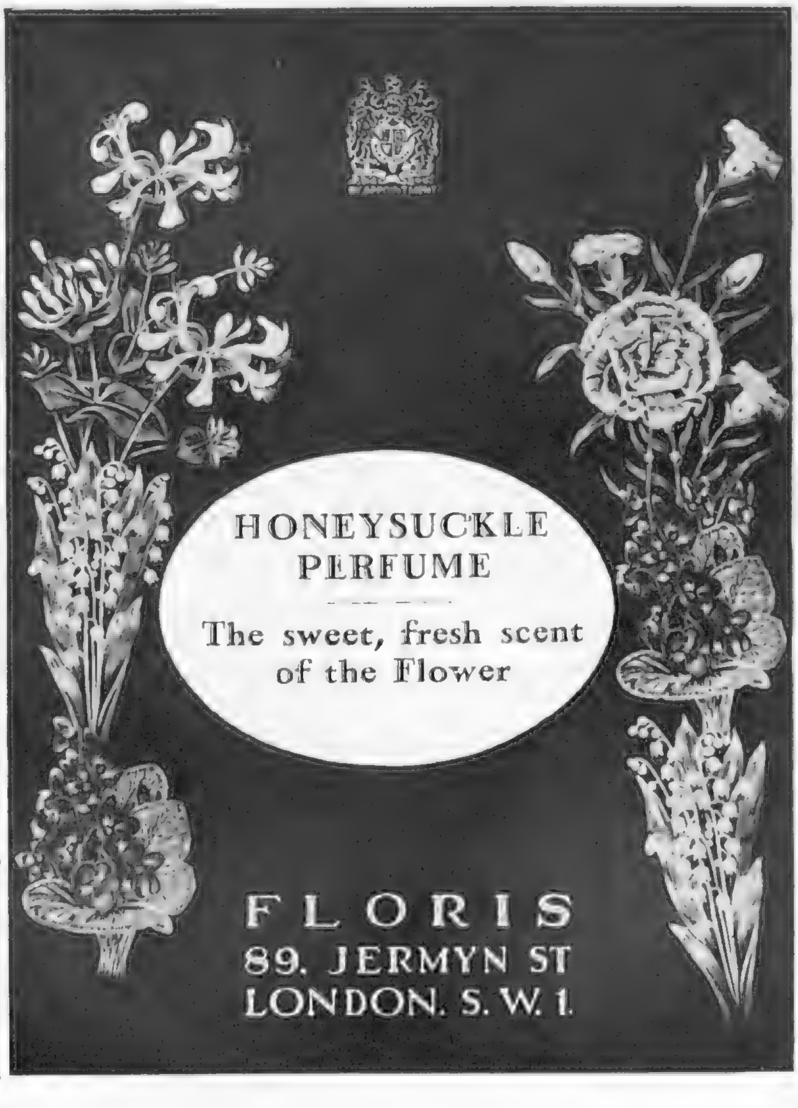

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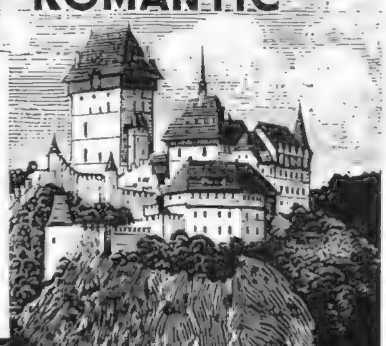

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Continued.]

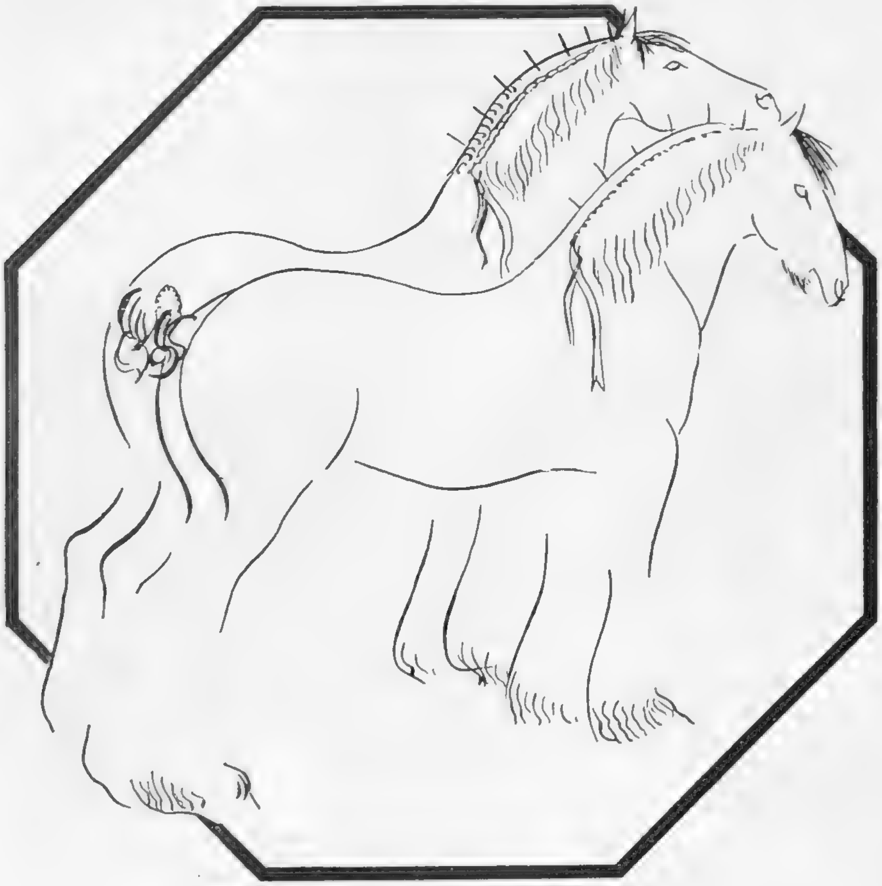
of testing the braking and subsequent acceleration, and little towns passing through which the top-gear flexibility could be tested. I drove as an ordinary motorist drives, appreciating the comfort, the smoothness and silence of this car. When it comes to performance, however, the Rover is very much "all there." It is capable of something over 70 m.p.h on the straight, of 50 m.p.h. on third gear, and 35 m.p.h. on second. Fifty miles an hour is such an effortless and comfortable cruising speed that more often than not one finds oneself bowling merrily along at over a mile a minute, secure in the knowledge that the steering is firm and accurate to a hair, and that the Girling brakes will decrease the speed amazingly rapidly and amazingly smoothly.

A rather nice feature of the Rover "Fourteen" is its top-gear flexibility; although, as I have intimated, the speeds which can be reached on the intermediate gears are high, the tourist can amble peacefully up hill and down dale without bothering to do much gear-changing. The engine pulls well and absolutely smoothly down to quite low speeds on top gear, and a reasonable cruising speed is quickly resumed whenever desired. The gear-box gives four speeds and reverse, second and third gears being as quiet as top. Engagement when starting from rest is silent, and it is practically impossible to make a bad change when the free-wheel, controlled from the instrument board, is in use. In such circumstances one can change up and down without touching the clutch. The free-wheel locks automatically, by the way, when reversing. Even without a free-wheel, however, the gear-changing by ordinary methods is quite easy.

I have mentioned earlier in this article that the luggage-locker, which measures 34 in. by 17 in. by 18 in., is unusually capacious. I should add that the back panel lets down to provide a substantial platform on which still more baggage may be carried. The spare wheel is housed in the back panel and is accessible from the inside when the panel is let down and the luggage platform raised. The critical motorist might perhaps point out that if a puncture is experienced when much luggage is being carried, the luggage will have to be removed before the spare wheel can be got at, but to this the manufacturers might reply that tyre trouble is extremely rare these days, and that there are manifest advantages in keeping the spare wheel and tyre in a thief-proof position.

In other respects the car has all the equipment that one would expect in a high-grade, medium-priced production. Upkeep costs are reasonable, for, although capable of such an excellent performance, the capacity of the engine is only 1577 c.c. and the annual tax ten guineas. Owners testify to a fuel consumption of round about 24 m.p.g. in town and country driving, and an almost infinitesimal oil consumption, even after the car has had a year or two of strenuous use. At £305 the Rover "Fourteen" six-cylinder saloon comes into the class that most people can afford.

A striking "FLYING STANDARD V-EIGHT" SALOON *was one of the visiting vehicles at Stratford-on-Avon during the recent Shakespeare celebrations.*



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Monte Carlo Day—*Accent on Sunshine*

We breakfast on our balcony: the air is cool and fragrant, the newspapers are two days old and still unread, and what do we care?

We go down to the swimming-pool: the sun is hot, hot, hot, and all day we lie in it, or swim for a few moments in the pool or float idly in the translucent sea itself, until our bodies are all light and warmth and clean salt water.

We eat in the loggia restaurant: cool summer meals, with iced beer or cold golden wine, and always the perfect Mediterranean figs.

We play tennis or Mont Agel golf with an energy reborn as the sun slopes down.

We dine out of doors, we gamble or dance under the stars. The sunshine is still warm in the stone balustrade as we lean and look out over the velvet hidden sea.

When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two Beach Hotels right down by the sea, and the famous Hotel de Paris in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the Beach Restaurant and dinner at the Summer Sporting.

About the Summer Sporting Club where centres Monte Carlo's night-life—dining, dancing, gambling in the open air—and that nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening.

That on gala nights the "feux d'artifice," fantastically doubled by their sea-reflections, are more breath-taking than ever.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-skiing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the Country Club's twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of Mont Agel.

That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the Grand Prix around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new "Sun Beach" cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCI.

DEFENSIVE OPENING BIDS A CONTRACT NECESSITY.

I FEEL that of late we have been concentrating too much on the generalities of contract—the informative double, lead of fourth best slams, and so on; perhaps it is now time to return to that high spot of the game—the bidding!

Since the game began, the bidding has gone through many vicissitudes, which, at a new game, was only to be expected. I think I am right in saying that in the early days of contract we were forbidden (and mind you, at that time we had to obey orders and stick firmly to all rules and regulations laid down in "The Book"—any book would do)—forbidden, I say, to open the bidding under 3½ quick or honour tricks; it may have been only three of these tricks with outside "bit"—"bits" being called "plus tricks"; they still are. Then it was decided that 3½ (or 3) were too much of a good thing, and so we were given permission to open on 2½ "quicks," and this is the general rule to-day. But later on a new school, which is small and select, had the temerity to take the law into its own hands, and to open the bidding, so to speak, on no honour tricks at all, but on plenty of "playing" tricks, which may be described as "winning" tricks, although they don't start life as "quick" tricks. (The average player, of course, remains faithful to his "two and a half"; nothing short of some thirteen of a suit in his own hand will make him open on less.)

Now, to me it is strange that contract, which has arrived at a certain age, and which is played in many places, in many ways, and by a great variety of people, has not reached that (to me) obvious improvement in the shape of not only a defensive call, but also a defensive opening bid. (Although I say this is strange I know full well the reason of it: slams are to blame. Even amongst the finest players in the world, slam bidding is the big objective of the game. And here let me say that this is an absurdity; slams are nothing but a side-issue—I grant a most important one—of the game, and when there is one on the cards, no opportunity should be lost in bidding it and making it; but the main objects of the game should be (1) to win the game; (2) to *save the game*; and (3) to make a partial score, and these I have put in their order of importance. When slams are put of primary importance, my No. 1 becomes a bad second, and my Nos. 2 and 3 don't count at all. Slam opportunities occur not more than once in five-and-twenty deals; game-winning possibilities crop up about once in three deals; while saving-game chances are present on practically every hand dealt.)

Let me repeat what has been said in these notes before: anybody who devises a system of defensive bidding at contract bridge will gain, if not a fortune, at least fame and the gratitude of all contract-players. Don't mistake my meaning: a defensive bid—and that is an opening bid by first, second, or third player—would be made without any prospect of going game, or, indeed, of making a partial score; it will be entirely a defensive measure. I am not forgetting that some players make use of an original high pre-emptive bid, hoping to shut out opposition bidding; these bids are expected to lose—they are sacrifice bids, and as such are purely defensive. Then there is the psychic, which may or may not be put up as a defensive measure; but I would like to see a method that goes far beyond these exceptional cases, and I hold that simple defensive opening bids would save many opposition games, and seriously interfere with every opposition slam bid, and that what is saved by these bids would override the occasional loss involved by so large a number of points as to make the introduction of defensive bidding a necessity in contract bridge.

More on this subject next week, but in the meantime here are two typical hands on which I say first, second, or third player is entitled to open the bidding—

SPADES—Q, Kn, 10, x, x.	SPADES—Kn, x, x.
HEARTS—A, x, x.	HEARTS—K, Q, Kn, x, x.
CLUBS—x, x.	CLUBS—Kn, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x, x.	DIAMONDS—x, x, x.
One spade.	One heart.

Now, I can't resist the temptation of giving you an example of the most expensive informative double I have ever met. (Remember this double is a grand safety-valve to defensive openings)—

SPADES—Q, Kn, x.
HEARTS—K, Q, x, x.
CLUBS—A, Q, x, x.
DIAMONDS—10, 9.
B

Y		Z
SPADES—x, x, x.		SPADES—A, 10, x, x.
HEARTS—x, x, x.	Y Z	HEARTS—A, x, x.
CLUBS—K, Kn, 10.		CLUBS—x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x, x, x.		DIAMONDS—K, Kn, x.

A
SPADES—K, 9, x.
HEARTS—Kn, 10, x.
CLUBS—x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—A, Q, 8, 7.

Score: game-all, 60 all. B dealt and bid one no-trump; Z, double; A, no bid; Y, two no-trumps; B, double. End. B led the queen of spades. YZ made two tricks in spades and the ace of hearts: five down—1400. At trick No. 2, had B branched to diamonds, YZ would have been six down—1700! I was the A hand, and could not help smiling at this result of the informative double. Had Z made an honest over-bid of two spades, I would have gone two no-trumps, which would have ended the bidding; we win the rubber, of course, but YZ would have saved about 1000 points.

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"*The tie Sir — just a shade longer on the left-hand side Sir. Allow me Sir.* There. *I think that does it.*"

"Thanks. Oh — by the way — what was that wizard story — the one you told me the other day? I fancy my future brother-in-law would appreciate it."

"*The one about the two tramps Sir? Or the American gentleman in London for the first time?*"

"Two tramps — yes — I've got it. I remember it now. Ha! Ha! Well — I shan't be home before two. Drop the portcullis and put the cat out. Don't wait up."

"*Very good Sir. I'll leave your — ahem — glass of lime juice on your dressing table Sir.*"

"Lime Juice? Oh yes. It certainly did me a lot of good last time. Must pass the tip on to Mr. Charles. Something about Rose's Lime Juice neutralizing something, eh?"

"*Yes Sir. In Rose's Lime Juice Sir, we have discovered a new therapeutic agent.*"

"Yes — er — quite. Goodnight Hawkins. Hope we shall be independent of the therapeutic qualities this evening."

"*I trust so Sir — ahem — I trust so. Goodnight Sir.*"

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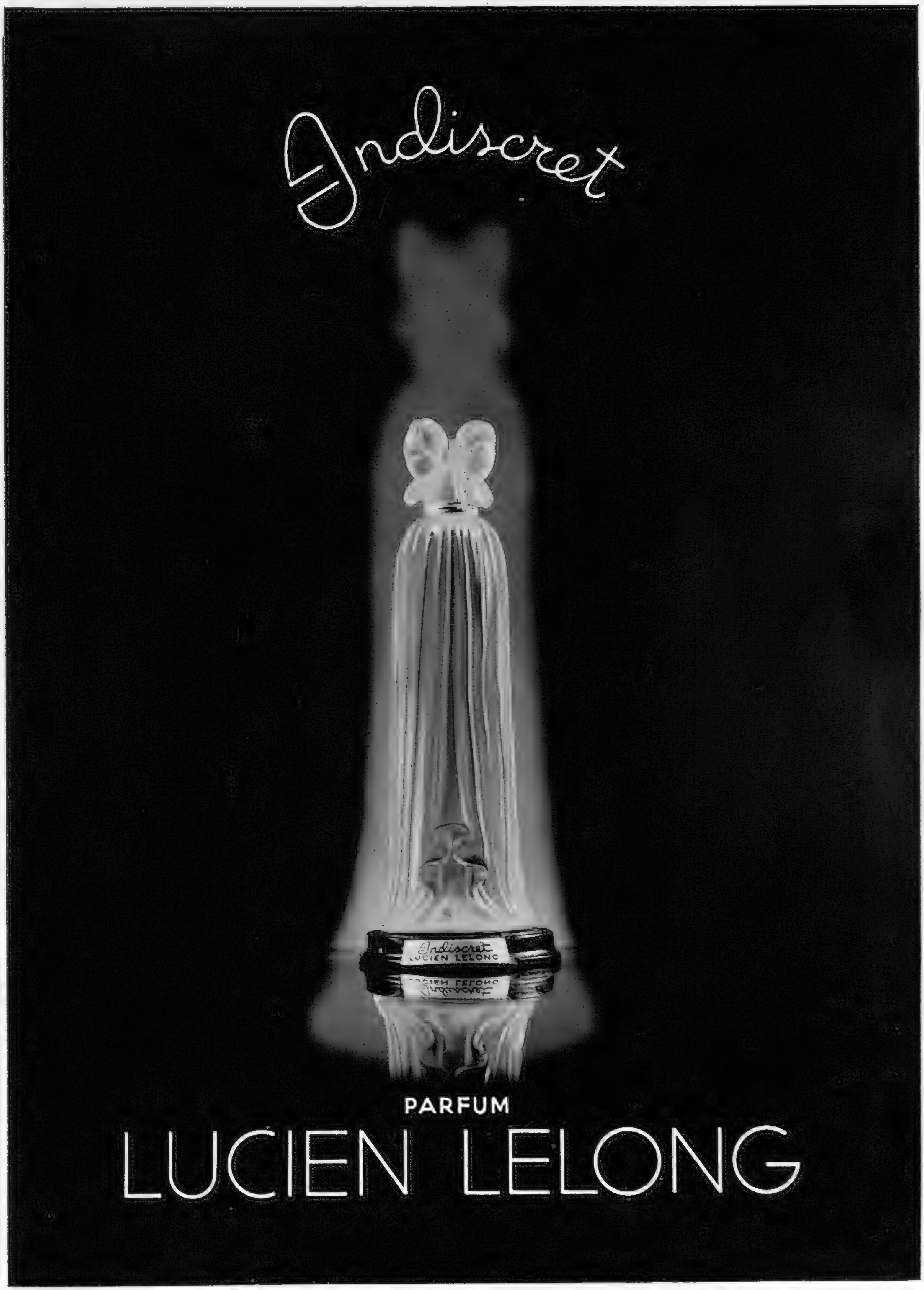

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A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

THE English Salzburg, Glyndebourne, continues to draw the world. The excellence of its productions, the fine singing, and the cosmopolitan air combine to make it the perfect summer night's entertainment. "Die Zauberflöte" première was no exception. Thorkild Noval, the Danish Tamino, sang with charm and looked like a Greek god. Our own Sarastro, David Franklin, is tremendously tall and has the grand manner in person as in song—his low D was a wonderful, organ-like note. Pamina, a part taken by the Finnish Aulikki Rautawaara, was full of attraction, and Roy Henderson, as Papageno, enjoyed himself immensely in his impish manner, diverting everyone, besides being in excellent voice; and, of course, Fritz Busch's conducting is a marvel—his movements often draw one's eyes from the stage.

The audience included very many foreigners—Italians, French, German, Dutch were there, as well as English drawn from everywhere in England. I saw Sir Paul and Lady Patricia Latham, who have the Glyndebourne habit, and Oliver Messel with his sister, Lady Rosse. Mrs. Thayer, a charming American patron of music, had a party which included Miss R. van Brunt Conway, of Philadelphia, and Miss Beatrice Harrison, the 'cellist who persuaded the nightingales on to the air (radio) four years ago.

. . . . .

The Covent Garden opera also flourishes this Coronation season. It is well filled every night. At the premier performance of "Pelléas et Mélisande," which has not been given here for years, I saw Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise in the Royal Box, with Mr. Edward Voules as one of their guests.

Mr. "Jimmie" Smith was most enthusiastic about Wolff's conducting and the orchestra, which was indeed perfect, while Lisa Perli, the English prima donna, sang Mélisande with grace and purity of tone. He was discussing it with Mrs. Victor Cochran-Baillie, one of our musical and beautiful young-marrieds, who was looking particularly well that night in a white, printed georgette frock with a little Eton jacket of embroidered white organdie. Lady Rose Paget was one of the young girls present, in a picture frock of shaded grey mauve and green chiffon. Sir John and Lady Latta were together in the *foyer*, enjoying a breath of fresher air in the interval, for the opera house was a warm place on our first summer's night; she in silver, with a band of green velvet ribbon in her hair, and fine emeralds and diamonds.

Lady Mansfield, in pink satin with pearls and a cape edged with pink ostrich feathers, was, as usual, in her box with Lord Mansfield.

. . . . .

In the intervals at "Pelléas et Mélisande," two mothers, Lady Doris Vynder and Mrs. John Mulholland, were discussing their children's ailments very earnestly in the passage, a curious topic for Covent Garden; and I saw Lady Ward, the châtelaine of Dudley House, smoking a cigarette in a very long holder as she sat on the settee outside her box, wearing a picture frock of gathered red taffetas. Her companion on this comfortable seat was Countess Raben, who has a box on the same tier.

I was glad to see Lord and Lady Allendale at the opera again, which proves that they must now be reassured about the welfare of their young son, who so lately had a shooting accident.

Lady Congleton believes in taking her débutante girl to Covent Garden, for they were both there at "Pelléas et Mélisande," the mother in white and gold, and the girl in a real *jeune fille* frock of white chiffon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt looked extremely handsome in a full-length, flowing circular cloak of heavy white satin, with a yellow, pleated georgette frock and long diamond earrings.

. . . . .

To celebrate the completion of their respective portraits, the work of Mr. Martin de Hosszu, five of Mayfair's most popular young-marrieds—Mrs. Gordon Claridge, Mrs. Ralph Hanke, Mrs. Bernard Brunton, Mrs. Cecil Singer, and Mrs. "Hughie" de Rougemont—clubbed together and gave a most successful party at the house of this clever artist in Chelsea. Outside in the street, traffic congestion was such that many people were obliged to abandon their cars and fight their way on foot to the front door. The attractive, flower-filled studio, enlivened by the beautiful strains of a Hungarian band, soon became so packed that many people were only able to have a fleeting glimpse of the portraits, which were hung in a row on one side of the room, before filing out into the garden. Here Lady Leeds, smart in black, with

[*Continued overleaf*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"SWING ALONG" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes; good music; good dancing; Leslie Henson on top form.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE CONSTANT WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—Somerset Maugham's witty play, with Ruth Chatterton as the wife.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"WISE TO-MORROW" (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"BIG BUSINESS" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"CARELESS RAPTURE" (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

"THE FROG" (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

A FILM YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"SEVENTH HEAVEN" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A charming revival of an old favourite, with James Stewart and Simone Simon.

"MAYTIME" (Carlton).—Jeanette Macdonald and Nelson Eddy in glamorous musical romance.

"SHALL WE DANCE?" (Regal).—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers at the top of their form.

"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play.

"BURGTHEATER" (Academy).—A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

"PÉPÉ LE MOKO" (Curzon).—An interesting story of outlawry in Algiers.

"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Triangle drama with Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer.

"WINGS OF THE MORNING" (New Gallery).—The first British all-Technicolor picture, with Annabella, Henry Fonda, and Leslie Banks.

"GREEN LIGHT" (Plaza).—Errol Flynn in the drama of a doctor's sacrifice.

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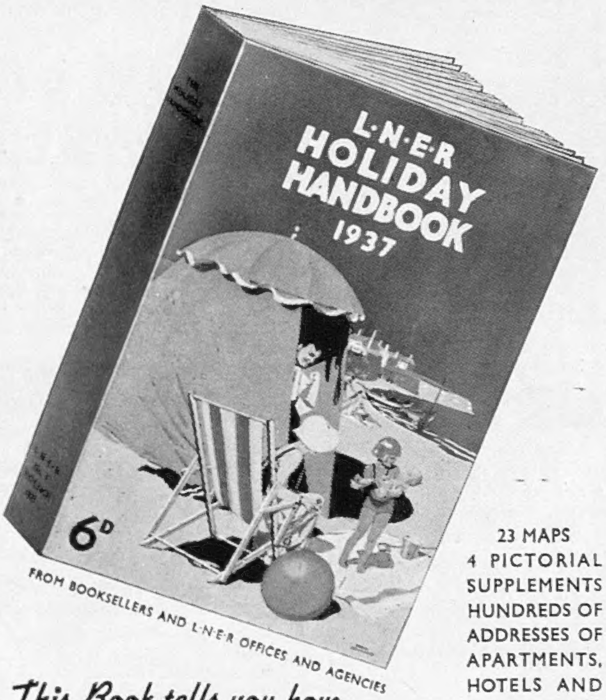

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Continued.]
wine-coloured gloves, held court beneath the branches of a laburnum tree. The swimming-pool parties which she gives at her London house are famous, and it is good news that she will be continuing them again this summer. Mme. Paul Dubonnet came with her husband; so did young Mrs. "Tony" Stocker, whose dark blue straw hat had a wide, shady brim. I also saw Lady Newnes, who was chatting to Kathleen Lady Domville; Mrs. Stephen de Lászlo, daughter-in-law of the famous artist; and Lady Reade (wife of Sir Alfred Reade, the shipping magnate) who wore a large black picture hat with a white dress. Further fashion notes were provided by Mrs. Eric Davies, whose dark-blue ensemble had a gold sequin belt and revers, and Mrs. Bernard Brunton, whose "strawberry basket" hat and broderie Anglaise blouse were both much admired.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER—(*Continued from Page 486.*)

very unhelpful. They resented the occurrence as having brought disgrace on the hospital and included the Inspector in their resentment. Miss Greenlow was a pretty little lady and had admirers. Was the culprit a jealous sweetheart? Inspector Mitchell was puzzled. So was David Wintringham, the Medical Registrar, for he knew what the Inspector did not, that there had been some strangely sudden deaths of patients under treatment. Was there any connection? Miss Bell seems familiar with hospital machinery, and with the help of medical knowledge solves the puzzle neatly enough.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

All Hands! By H. M. Tomlinson. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
The Queen. By Lady Cynthia Asquith. (*Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.*)
The Road to Oxiana. By Robert Byron. (*Macmillan; 10s. 6d.*)
Murder in Hospital. By Josephine Bell. (*Longmans; 7s. 6d.*)

DELICATE CAPTURE.—(*Continued from Page 454.*)

He hurried down the corridor after his silent guide. He gave a little shiver. Where were the sweet scents, the hundred little cheerful rustling sounds of but a moment ago? A whiff of ether penetrated his nostrils. His footsteps rang out, horribly loud, on the cold stone. They stopped in front of a door at the end of the passage. The nun glanced up and Salvator saw now that her face was pitying. "You won't stay long," she counselled. "Just a minute. She is still very weak."

The door was softly opened and shut. Salvator, at Celia's bedside, found himself looking down at her. She lay there, white and little and alone, and quite motionless, with shadows like dark bruises under her closed eyes. "Celia," he whispered.

Slowly, the heavy lids were raised. She had never looked at him like this before. Her lips—how pale and narrow they were!—moved, but he could barely hear the words.

"Why did you come?" A contraction passed across her face. "There 's nothing to keep you now. It died." She turned weakly and crushed her face against the pillow. "Go," she sobbed. "Go . . ."

Salvator continued to stare down on her: his brooding glance rested upon her empty hands, her face drained of its happy expectancy. Now, indeed, she had nothing. While she breathed out that he should leave her, her desolation implored him to stay. Bereft of everything, she needed him now more than he needed himself. He moved forward and stooped to kiss her brow, and even as he did so, he heard liberty spread its wings and fly away for ever.

THE END.

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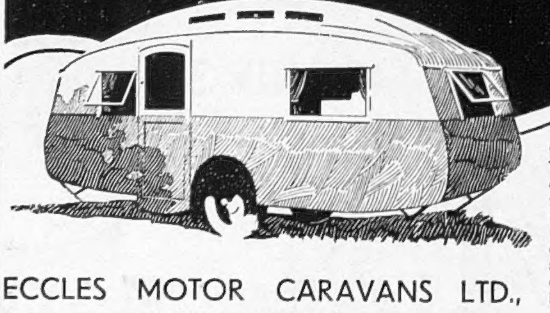
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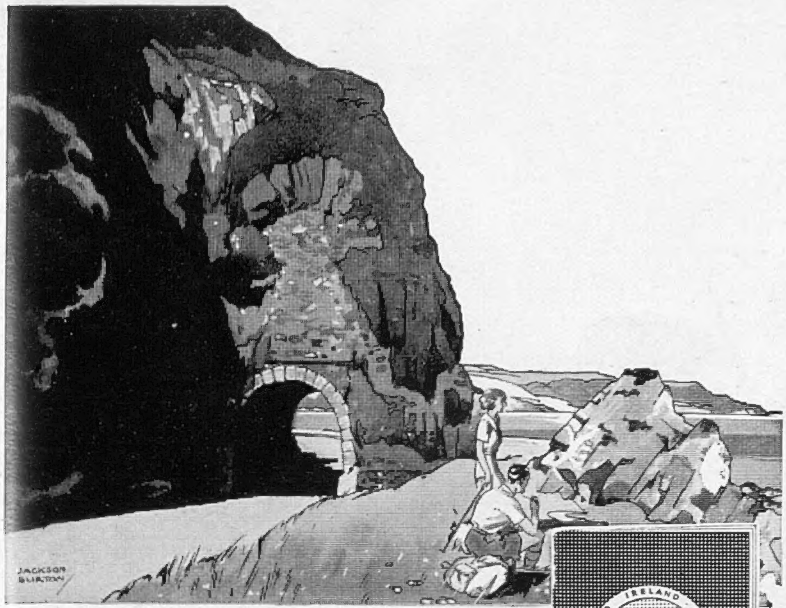

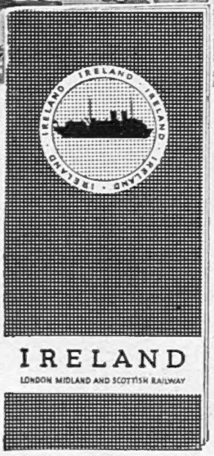

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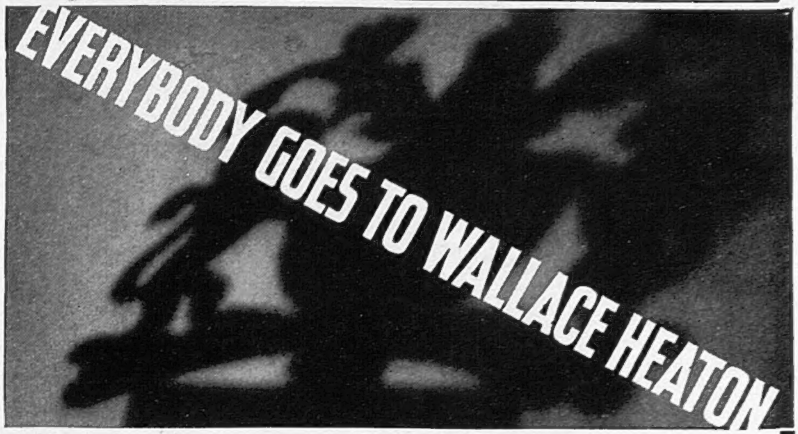

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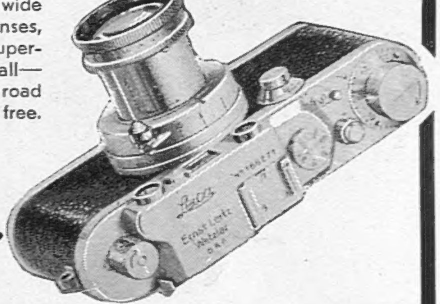

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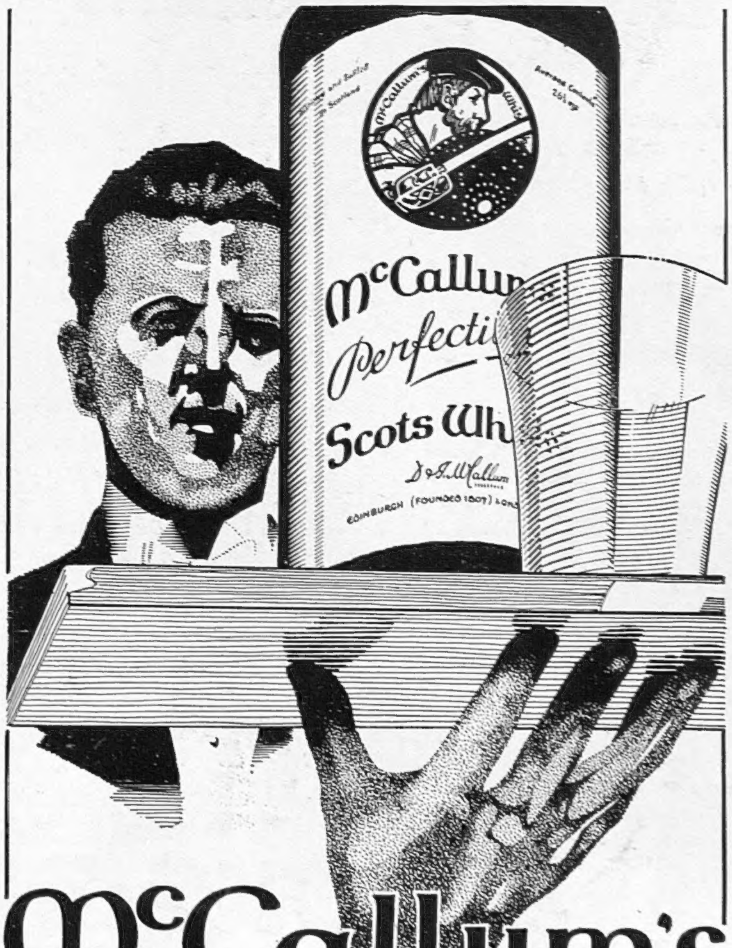

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Duggie : " Then, better still, with the 5 % bonus, she 'll get 105/1. May I ask how Lady Angela came to back 'Jacko' ? Its chances on the book seemed hopeless."

Sir Edward : " No doubt you 're right. As a matter of fact she closed her eyes and jabbed a pin into her morning paper."

Duggie : " I rather expected something like that. With the utmost respect to Lady Angela, it is only 'pin jabbers' who would back a forlorn hope like 'Jacko.' "

Sir Edward : " Of course. I realise no sensible backer would 'pinprick.' I suppose it 's only a straggling punter here or there who would select such a horse."

Duggie : " Quite true, but it 's totally different when it comes to well-backed horses. Take the case of 'Marmaduke Jinks,' winner of the Lincoln, Starting Price 33/1 Tote odds about 18/1."

Sir Edward : " By Jove, with a popular horse like that, thousands of backers must have been disappointed."

Duggie : " Yes, Sir Edward, that 's the usual story of Tote odds. When a 'remote' chance with no form wins, only a handful of people benefit by the long odds, but every time a form horse wins (which happens so frequently) and the Tote odds are less than S.P., thousands of backers all over the country are disappointed."

Sir Edward : " And, in any case, you give them 5% over Tote odds for wins."

Duggie : " Correct, Sir Edward, and don't forget I also give 25% over Tote odds for places."

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